VOL CCXIV No. 2789

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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Volume CCXIV No. 2789

The SPHERE, London, July 25, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

PRINCESS MARGARET'S RETURN—THE SMILING PRINCESS WAVES AS SHE STEPS FROM THE COMET AIR-LINER AT LONDON AIRPORT AFTER HER FLIGHT FROM SOUTHERN RHODESIA WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: The Queen and Prince Philip greeted the Royal travellers on their return, and it was estimated that about 1,000 people were in the public enclosures at the airport. The Comet flew to London by way of Entebbe, Khartoum, Beyrout and Rome. Thus was brought to an end the Royal tour, which has given such a great degree of satisfaction among the developing territories of Central Africa.

On the eve of her departure from Salisbury last week the Queen Mother told Rhodesians that she and Princess Margaret, in their now-completed tour, had been deeply impressed by the progress made in the territory since their visit in 1947. At the same time the Queen Mother thanked the people of Southern Rhodesia for their great kindness and for all the things that had been done to make the tour enjoyable. In a flying time of only seventeen hours the Royal travellers then made their return journey to London, arriving at London Airport to find the Queen and Prince Philip there to greet them. The tour of Southern Rhodesia was of a most arduous character, but the outward and homeward flights, coupled with flights between towns in Central Africa, played a notable part in easing the strain of travelling. (*See* also page 115 of this issue.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

VARIED FASHIONS AT BISLEY

AN ALL-PURPOSE HAT TO GUARD AGAINST SUNSHINE AND RAIN AT BISLEY: Mr. M. Mawer, of Lincolnshire, trains his rifle on the target while his dog watches with interest.

The eighty-fourth Imperial Meeting, which ended at Bisley last week, took place during a fortnight of unpredictable weather, and this fact contributed not a little to the many unorthodox fashions in head-gear and other clothes chosen by the competitors. There were many competitors from overseas, including official teams from Australia, the West Indies, Canada and New Zealand. A popular win was that of Canada in the Empire Shoot, which they won for the first time, this year. In the Ashburton Shield there was keen competition among eighty-seven schools. Leys School, Cambridge, emerged victorious with 508 points, with Charterhouse three points behind in second place. The Elcho Challenge Shield, which was won by Scotland for the first time since 1946, was competed for in a boisterous "fish-tail" wind which taxed to the utmost the skill of the shooters.

AN UNUSUALLY DESIGNED SHOOTING HELMET FOR A COMPETITOR FROM THE COLONIES: Mr. J. Sutton, who comes from British Guiana, is seen taking a line on the target. With him is his wife, who is acting as spotter.

A MEMBER OF THE WINNING TEAM IN THE EMPIRE SHOOT DISPLAYS SOME OF HIS BADGES: Sergeant Bill Kayne, of Montreal, Canada, had the second highest score of the Canadian team which won the Empire Rifle Match.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

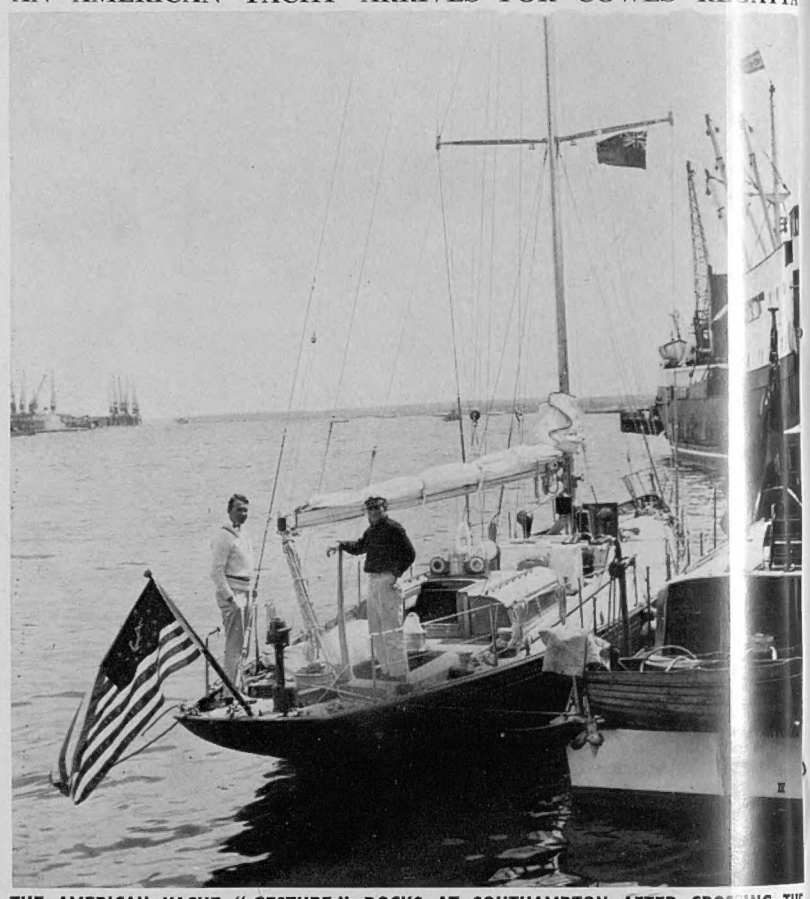
195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Built on Coal.—God knows, we made many mistakes and created horrible injustices in our handling of the industrial revolution and are still paying the price of error. We were envied once because we were built on coal which many nations wanted, and still want. Our institutions, our wealth, our greatness were built on coal, and now, having mechanised, modernised, nationalised and reformed the industry, we are shipping in coal from abroad to save us from coal famine at home. Coals to Newcastle! Coal being exported and imported at the same British dock. How can this be? The answer propounded by some is that, despite all the admitted ills still to be cured in the industry, coal was only one factor in our greatness and wealth. The fierce, fine, individualistic character of our race, nurtured on the stimulus of self-help, of competition in a hard world, was a bigger factor in our greatness. The Welfare State, by eliminating competition, has substituted one monopoly for another, the tyranny of go-slow for the tyranny of blood and sweat, and we have lost our fierce individualism which defeated the tyranny of Bonaparte. But he would be a reckless man who, himself working above ground and ignorant of the danger and stress of a miner's life, should choose the miners as the peg on which to hang his theory. Yet there *is* something rotten in us, and there are many and various proofs that it is so. And so far has the democratic reaction gone and so quickly (as always with us) in every institution and field of our social life, that leadership and unpopular measures have no chance to prevail. We will not have them. We are stronger than Governments. We demand bread and circuses—the last futile slogan of decaying civilisations. The Government could not avoid the dreadful expedient of importing coal. It has been done before. Nevertheless, the expedient must make even the most complacent among those who uphold the Welfare State scratch their heads.

The Cost of Government.—It now looks very much as if the salaries of M.P.s will be raised again and the cost of Ministries considerably increased. Two years ago we should have said such possibilities were unthinkable. But then we thought that wages in many industries had reached their peak for some time to come. What a hope! Quite apart from economic ills, we must realise what a very expensive method of government is the democratic form as used by us. Democracy breeds and spawns work for Ministers and Members and committee men. For it spawns committees and breeds talk as flies breed. And the question in times of austerity is this: How much talk can a nation near bankruptcy afford? How many committees good and proper in "easy circumstances," are expendable or reducible in austerity? This problem of more pay for M.P.s and more assistant Ministers is a desperately difficult one for the Government and for the House to-day. To raise Parliamentary salaries and Government costs now of all times must be an open encouragement for industry to ask for more and a humiliating nonsense-making of Ministerial preaching of restraint. Yet we know that some M.P.s are hard put to it to live without private means, and we note the casualty list of Ministers broken by overwork. It is a real problem, and I fear the answer is not a tinkering but a basic review and reorganisation of democratic Government, right down to rural district councils. What can we afford for governing "democratically"? How much talk can be allowed, how many tons of agenda printed, how many hours spent in putting forward individual views?

Nevil Shute Looks Ahead.—The notions of sensible people are usually worth studying, and that covers the main "argument" in Mr. Shute's last novel, which, apart from the big idea, is the mixture as before. Mr. Shute is more than a competent and successful novelist. He is a realist who clearly draws on his current and past experience, and he is in close touch with Australian opinion. The "general idea" in his new novel is that in twenty-five years' time the British monarchy will be much more popular in the Dominions than in England and that the old country, after a long run of Socialist Governments, will be rather despised and even disliked by the big Commonwealth Powers. The Socialist Cabinets will have reduced Britain, already impoverished by mass migration, to a mixture of museum and slave state, and will have shorn the monarchy of its redundant palaces and pomps, and is then engaged in putting down the Queen's Flight and her Commonwealth visits. Mr. Shute does not tell us how our population can be reduced to 35,000,000 in a quarter-century, and that perhaps is a "hard one." Fantastic, of course, and a little impudent, but the idea can hardly be only one man's fancy. Fantastic, because thirty years ago republicanism was not dead in Australia; fantastic because in Coronation year one would say that republicanism in England in any class or party was clearly non-existent. "Put out more flags" is the slogan, and loyalty and love seem to throng the streets. That is why it surprised me utterly to overhear the conversation of some senior obviously intelligent boys from a local boarding school during a cricket match. They began by deploring the bestowal of a knighthood on a jockey and went on to agree that they "thought it wrong to keep up a monarchy so heavily financed by the taxpayer." Clearly they were in total ignorance that the monarchy had exchanged for the Civil List property capable of bringing in twice its amount. I assumed that the school in question had a republican master who stimulated and guided the boys' political thought. But after reading one of our Sunday sensations put into my hand, I acquitted the master and assumed that these schoolboys derive their political opinions from that newspaper source, and if it be so it accounts for their curiously confused ideas. For of necessity the vital search for a weekly sensation must lead to a certain amount of inconsistency and the same object may be painted black and painted white within two consecutive weeks.

AN AMERICAN YACHT ARRIVES FOR COWES REGATTA



THE AMERICAN YACHT "GESTURE" DOCKS AT SOUTHAMPTON AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC: Seen on board the yacht are Mr. Alexander Salm, of New York City (left), and Captain Hans Darland, of Brooklyn, New York, two members of her crew. The *Gesture*, which displaces 57 tons, is owned by Mr. A. Howard Fuller, of Connecticut, and made the Atlantic crossing in nineteen days. She will take part in the Cowes Regatta, which is to be held in August.

The Means and the End.—I do not find Mr. Shute's picture of thirty years on very convincing. At any rate, I cannot feel anxiety about so swift a depopulation of England by emigration nor about ruinous results so soon brought about by "continuous Socialist Governments." No doubt at all we shall chop and change the colour of our Governments, but I cannot see any Cabinet we may have twisting the tail of the monarchy. Statesmen are unlikely to forget so soon what it means to the Commonwealth and to national unity. But I can imagine that what a Government would not do, a section of the Press from unworthy motives might go some way to do, to make the Sovereign's job very difficult to endure; and if the decent majority of the Press will do nothing about it and the Governments *can* do nothing, and the reading public, which ultimately sets the tone of its chosen papers, goes on doing nothing about it, Mr. Shute's *dénouement* might well come about in another way. For if these Royal intrusions and impertinences can reach such depths of tastelessness within a few weeks of the Coronation and all its fine manifestations of love and loyalty, what may we not expect in ordinary dull years when news stories are harder to

dig up? It is sometimes terrifying to speculate on the inner and secret thoughts of crowds, of what lies hid beneath smiles, is unheard amid cheers, and is camouflaged by flags and decorations. Or is democracy so feeble and so futile a thing that a few evil or tasteless wreckers can work their will against the silent, placid stream?

Missing Bookshelves.—Naturally, in view of my trade, I deplore the absence of bookshelves among the "gadgets" in the new houses in the new towns. I still obstinately hold that a room without books is like a house without windows, and when I must sell up, my books will be the last of my junk to go. For the few thousand books I own are kept for re-reading, not reading once, and some have been read a score of times. Sometimes I buy pictures, but you soon get used to a picture. It is not so with a favourite book. But no doubt the satellite planners with their modern gadgets are alive to modern trends, and if they plan the living-room as a T.V. theatre, they are only following America, "whence all good things do come," and I fear the argument of the Highland crofter's cottage, with its books but few gadgets, is weaker than it was. Radio has become first favourite even in the Highlands for fireside recreation. The change is obvious, and the picture of non-stop radio and T.V. for the housewife is enough to terrify the bravest optimist. But the crofter and the stalker (where he survives) is still ready to argue as man to man on politics and scientific matters with the V.I.P. he meets on the hill, and still drinks in through his ears the knowledge he absorbed through his eyes. I don't find him less intelligent or informed. The odd thing is that new books are still published and still break records. I suppose the libraries are to-day the source of reading, and the average man reads more widely, if more superficially, than he did. Whatever his job, in a built-up area or a lonely deer forest, he is certainly absorbing facts amid the twaddle all day long, but it will take another generation of time to prove whether the labour-saving devices for acquiring education possess the solid virtues of digging it up from books and old newspapers.

Decrease in Crimes of Violence.—Although recruitment in the police forces is still seriously deficient, there are signs that crimes of violence at least are at last on the decline again. Lord Goddard said so confidently, and he ought to know. He attributed the welcome recession to the courage of the Home Secretary in resisting pressure for leniency in a single case—a large result from an isolated instance. Lord Goddard was silent about the longer-term contribution by the bench under his guidance. In London also, crime in the first half of this year has been lower than at any time since the war. All this is good. What is not so good and what presses hard on the judges is the amount of crime involving an inordinate length of trial, such as conspiracy to defraud and receiving. I fancy magistrates in country areas and chairmen of Quarter Sessions would to-day base their chief anxiety on the terrible frequency of indecency cases and abnormality and other sexual crimes. It is startling and very difficult to comprehend, and the offenders, of all ages and types, present a problem in punishment which the average magistrate finds himself often enough unfit to solve. Indeed, a medico-scientific investigation of this alarming trend is clearly called for. For, difficult as the problem of punishment must always be, when deterrence and cure are the ideals, it may well be easier to find the remedy for crimes of violence than to find the remedy for crimes which corrupt the soul, for which the causes still lie hid in a wider, unexplored field.

Eton and Harrow.—Is this old favourite also among the casualties of war and revolution? Long ago we were aware that the boys no longer preferred Lord's to other delights in Long Leave. And boys at the Eton and Harrow last week were as plentiful as snakes in Ireland. The Mound was almost deserted. Coaches and landaus had shrunk to half-a-dozen, and the affair was more like an autumn military fixture ("band, if possible"). Why is this? Cricket is as popular as ever it was among the stars and on the village green. Is it because Eton always wins? I find that in the past twenty years each school had won twice before this year. The Eton legend belongs to the years between wars. I find that in the last twenty years no fewer than eleven of the games were drawn—far too high a proportion. Perhaps *there* lies the explanation. Perhaps it lies in the poor encouragement afforded to junior boys who come up from private schools with no reputation, but would like to play the game. As a result some of them turn reluctantly to the river (if they have a river) and . . . stay away from Lord's. Which is a pity. But failure to reach a decision in popular cricket matches is not confined to school games. The weather and other factors are providing a new test for Test stars.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

OUTWARD BOUND

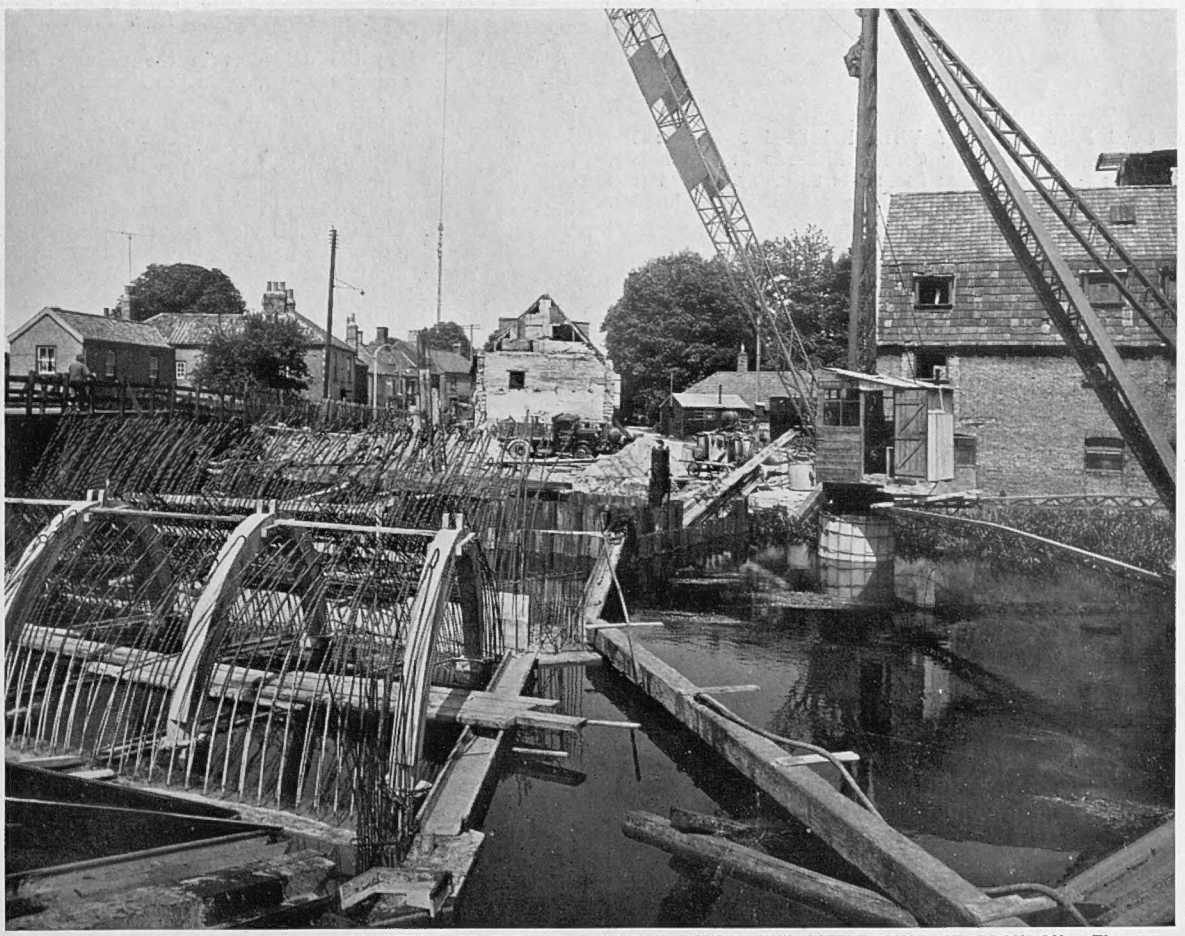
THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL IN ESKDALE

Presented and Illustrated by Victor Coverley-Price

IS THIS TO BE THE PITIFUL DECLINE OF A SPECIALISED CRAFT?

THE LAST WORKING WOOD-CARVER IN THE OLD ESSEX TOWN OF COGGESHALL: Fifty-year-old Mr. Bryan Saunders is the last working wood-carver in the town of Great Coggeshall, which in the past was famous for its craftsmen in this type of work. Mr. Saunders specialises in Ecclesiastical carving and much of his exceptionally fine work has gone abroad to the U.S.A. and South Africa. He also had the distinction of being chosen to furnish panelling in the new House of Commons. Mr. Saunders is here seen putting the finishing-touches to a pew end for Maldon Church. The crest which he is carving belongs to the Bright family, who have lived for centuries in Maldon, the Essex town which stands on the Chelmer where it enters the Blackwater estuary.

A NEW BRIDGE FOR THE SUFFOLK MARKET TOWN OF BRANDON

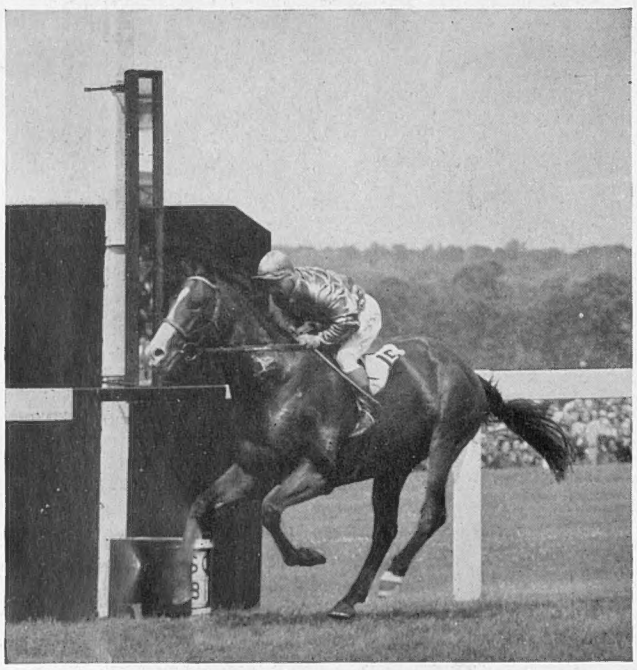


WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE LITTLE OUSE AT BRANDON: The new bridge is replacing an earlier structure recently demolished, which had become unsafe for modern traffic; on the extreme left of the picture is part of a temporary bridge. In the background, it may be noticed, an old building has been demolished to make way for the road approach to the new bridge. Brandon, which stands on the Suffolk bank of the River Ouse, a few miles from the Norfolk town of Thetford, is the centre of the small, local flint-knapping industry, flints having been dug in the neighbourhood since prehistoric times.

PINZA WINS WITH SIR GORDON UP

The Derby Winner Overwhelms an International Field in the Race for the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot

THE QUEEN ONCE AGAIN SEES HER GAME COLT AUREOLE LOSE : Her Majesty seated between Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother in the Royal stand at Ascot in the race for the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, which was won by the Derby winner Pinza, with the Queen's Aureole second.



PINZA GOES PAST THE POST WITH HIS EARS PRICKED : The Derby winner, with Sir Gordon Richards in the saddle, winning the big race at Ascot last Saturday. Pinza thus added over £20,000 to his already formidable winnings.

THE WINNER IS LED IN : Pinza, with Sir Gordon up, being taken into the Ascot enclosure after his triumph. Pinza is a massive colt and has virility, courage and brilliance.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE BIG RACE : Pinza winning the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes with the field spreadeagled behind him. Some of the best horses in Europe were competing, including the reputedly brilliant Nuccio, from France. Pinza is owned by Sir Victor Sassoon.

AFTER being in the doldrums in the years immediately after the war, when the French scored victory after victory on the English Turf, taking away some of our richest prizes, English racing has come into its own. Last year there were the sterling performances of the Aga Khan's Tulyar to boost British bloodstock, and now comes the no less remarkable Pinza in the colours of Sir Victor Sassoon. Pinza, by his victory over older horses in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, has indeed probably proved himself the best three-year-old since the war. In the field, which he beat so convincingly last Saturday, were Wilwyn, winner of the Laurel Park international race in America last year; Zucchero, winner of the Coronation Cup this year; Worden II, Pharel, Nuccio and Silnet, from France; Alberigo, from Italy, and Nearula, the winner of our own 2,000 Guineas. In a well-run race, Pinza reduced this field in devastating fashion, and the only colt that ever looked like staying with him was the Queen's Aureole, a tough and reliable horse, which finished second, and has certainly done credit to the Royal colours in this memorable year.

LAST SATURDAY'S BIG RACE AT ASCOT—THIS WAS ONE OF THE FINEST FIELDS ASSEMBLED ON A RACECOURSE THIS YEAR : Pinza is seen tucked in near the rails and just behind the leader. A great roar went up from the crowd as he strode to the front, and then came home an easy winner by three lengths.

PRINCESS MARGARET ALL SMILES AT LONDON AIRPORT

HER RETURN TO ENGLAND WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT THE END OF THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF RHODESIA

THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS RETURN TO LONDON AT THE END OF A MEMORABLE TOUR IN CENTRAL AFRICA: *Left*—The Queen, who went to London Airport to greet her mother and sister, coming down the gangway from the Comet air-liner in company with Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother. *Right*—The Duke of Edinburgh with the Queen and Princess Margaret standing in front of the plane. The Comet touched down exactly on time after a somewhat eventful flight, bad weather at Khartoum having forced the pilot up to 25,000 ft. A crowd of about 1,000 people saw a smiling Princess Margaret descend from the plane with her mother. Lord Swinton, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, were among those who greeted the Royal travellers.

OFFICIAL GREETINGS FOR THE ROYAL TRAVELLERS: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at London Airport. On their return they joined the Queen at Windsor.

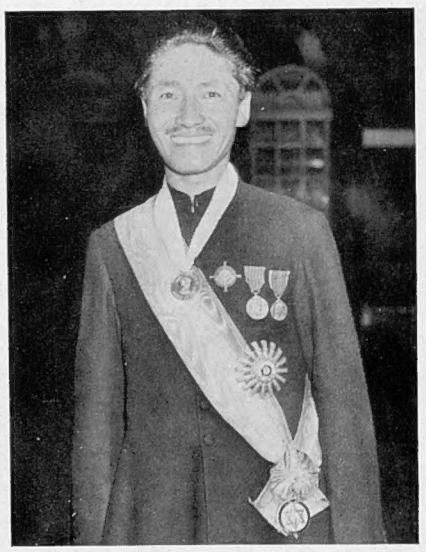
A JOYOUS HOME-COMING: *Left*—Princess Margaret in cheerful mood at London Airport, as she stood with the Queen Mother and the Queen. *Right*—Princess Margaret gives a smile and a wave as she sets out for Buckingham Palace from the Airport. Later, she went to Windsor for a rest. The Princess has only two official engagements before leaving for Balmoral. One is at Southampton and one in London. On August 4 she goes to Birkhall, near Balmoral, for a holiday.

ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN: Tensing, who reached the summit of Everest with Sir Edmund Hillary, seen with his wife and daughters and with Major Wylie, a fellow-member of the Everest Expedition, and Mrs. Wylie as they made their way to the Palace for last week's Royal garden-party. Tensing was received by the Queen and presented with the George Medal. Later in the day he attended a Government reception.

THE HEROES OF EVEREST HONOURED

Colonel Sir John Hunt and Sir Edmund Hillary Knighted by the Queen; Tensing, the Sirdar of the Sherpas, Goes to Buckingham Palace With His Family

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Tensing and his family smilingly responding to the greetings of the crowd as they crossed the Buckingham Palace forecourt.



On left—
TENSING WEARING THE HONOURS THAT HAVE BEEN SHOWERED UPON HIM: The Sirdar of the Sherpas seen at the Lancaster House reception for members of the Everest team. He is wearing Indian and Nepalese decorations, and the George Medal presented to him by the Queen.

Below—
THE NEW KNIGHTS: Sir John Hunt and Sir Edmund Hillary at the Lancaster House reception, which was attended by 400 people, including the Duke of Edinburgh. Members of the Swiss Mount Everest Expedition of 1952 were present, as also was Mr. Eric Shipton.

THE LONG LINE OF GUESTS ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE QUEEN'S SECOND GARDEN-PARTY OF THE YEAR: Had the rain come down earlier, the party might have been cancelled, but it did not begin in earnest much before four o'clock and by that time many of the guests had filed into the Palace and passed through on to the lawns. As the afternoon wore on, the showers grew heavier, and many of the guests found it difficult to obtain shelter, as there was not enough room in the marquees.

UMBRELLA GARDEN-PARTY

The Queen with Eight Thousand Guests on the Rain-soaked Palace Lawns

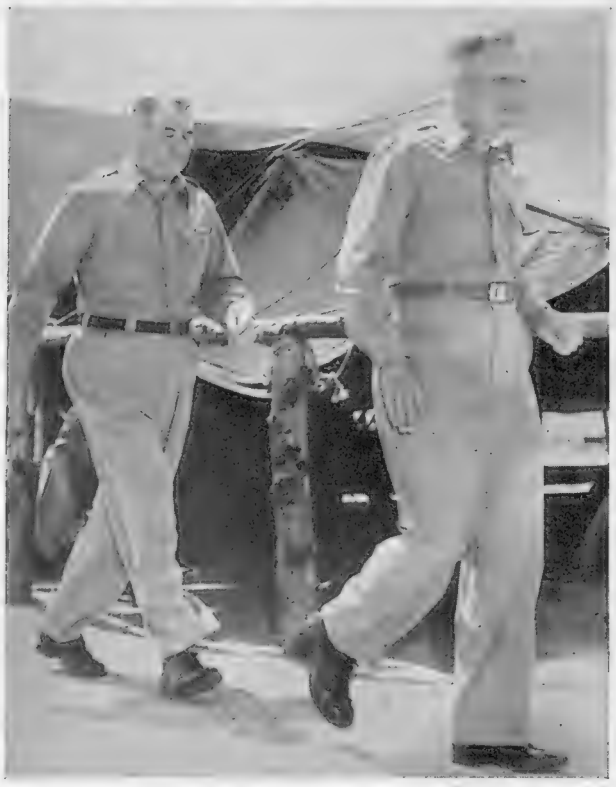
On left—

THE QUEEN WALKS AMONG THE GUESTS: During a bright interval Her Majesty took advantage of the opportunity of meeting as many guests as possible. The Earl of Scarbrough, the Lord Chamberlain, is seen standing beside the Queen.

THE UMBRELLAS WENT UP, BUT THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE CARRIED ON: Her Majesty seen walking among her guests at the Royal garden-party. The Duke of Edinburgh, in a morning coat, is seen just to the left. Showers of variable intensity and duration continued throughout the afternoon, driving many guests to shelter in the Grand Hall and Bow Room of the Palace, in the pavilions, under clumps of trees, and even under the canvas shelters set up for the band. The weather continued to worsen, and towards six o'clock the Queen and the Duke walked back in the rain to the Palace between close-packed ranks of guests.

THE ROCKY ROAD TO PANMUNJOM

THE TRUCE TALKS IN KOREA ARE BESET WITH DIFFICULTIES, BUT STILL THE NEGOTIATORS PURSUE THEIR UNENVIABLE WAY



TRUCE NEGOTIATORS GO UNWILLING TO THEIR TASK: General William K. Harrison (right), the chief Allied truce negotiator in Korea, seen on his way to a meeting at Panmunjom. He is followed by Major-General George G. Finch, of the United States Air Force. Their meeting lasted twenty-nine minutes, during which the Communists outlined the precise guarantees they required before they would sign an armistice agreement. While these negotiations were going on, Walter Robertson, President Eisenhower's personal envoy, was about to leave Korea after receiving a written pledge from President Syngman Rhee that the latter would not release any more prisoners and would give the proposed armistice a chance.

HELICOPTER TRANSPORT PLAYS ITS PART IN FEEDING THE FORWARD AREAS: New Zealand troops of the Commonwealth Division loading supplies aboard a U.S. Army helicopter for conveyance to dumps near the front line. *Below*—The helicopter seen at the start of its journey.

PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE CONFERS WITH HIS NEW DEFENCE MINISTER: Mr. Rhee is seen (left) with Mr. Sohn Won, with whom he discussed at length his negotiations with the State Department's envoy, Walter Robertson. The Defence Minister has stated that he is in complete agreement with Mr. Rhee in the belief that the Communists in Korea do not actually want peace. Throughout the crisis in Korea over Dr. Rhee's attitude towards the armistice there have been two sets of negotiations under way. Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson has been dealing with Mr. Rhee, getting his instructions and making his reports through the State Department. Meanwhile, General Clark, the United Nations Supreme Commander, has been dealing with the Communists. He received his orders via the Pentagon. In Washington the President kept a close watch on both sets of negotiators.

"GIVE US UNIFICATION OR DEATH": This was one of the banners carried by a group of young demonstrators who assembled in Seoul in order to give their support to the policies of Syngman Rhee. Dr. Rhee never fails to make use of youthful elements to win support for his policies, and the streets of Seoul often echo to the tread of youthful feet as his supporters go about their business.

On right—

THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN FIVE: Conspicuous by his absence in this group of Allied truce negotiators is Major-General Cho Duk Shin, of South Korea, who absented himself from the truce talks after May 27, when he said that the United Nations had sold out to the Communists. From left to right in the picture are Brig.-General Ralph Osborne, Rear-Admiral John Daniel, General W. K. Harrison and Major-General Finch.

STRONGLY FORTIFIED WITH BARBED WIRE AND SANDBAGS: The Aleo building in Champolion Square, where the British military offices are located. This picture was taken last week after General Festing, G.O.C. British Troops, had taken stern measures following the failure of the Egyptian authorities to return Leading Aircraftman Rigden, who, it was alleged, had been abducted by the Egyptians. One of the measures taken by the General included the searching of all vehicles leaving Ismailia by road or rail. The British 16th Independent Parachute Brigade drew a tight ring round Ismailia.

ISMAILIA UNDER TENSION

THE LATEST CRISIS IN EGYPT'S CANAL ZONE FOLLOWS THE ABDUCTION OF A BRITISH AIRMAN: THE PARACHUTISTS MARCH IN

PRESIDENT NEGUIB LEAVES A CABINET MEETING IN CAIRO: The latest tension in Ismailia between British troops and the Egyptian authorities had been the main item on the agenda.

The latest developments in Egypt follow a familiar pattern—a wearying pattern, indeed—with the usual tub-thumping speeches from those in authority in Cairo, who do not wish to appear lukewarm in their patriotism, and the necessary show of strength from the British forces compelled to take action because of the abduction of a comrade. This situation reached a head last week when General Festing put a cordon round Ismailia, and there were fears that there might be a repetition of the bloodshed of eighteen months ago when British troops clashed in the Canal Zone city with Egyptian police in a series of pitched battles. Incidents such as the abduction of Aircraftman Rigden are, of course, not unexpected in the absence of an agreement between Britain and Egypt over the future of the Canal Zone. General Festing's firmness has been much admired, but some people have asked why he should carry out a belated check on passenger vehicles leaving Ismailia when a search of buildings might have been equally as profitable.

AT THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, ISMAILIA—HE CALLED FOR THE KIDNAPPED BRITON: Amin Firki, Ismailia's Sub-Governor, is seated in shirt-sleeves at a desk. Egyptian police and Army officers are with him, in uniform. In front of the desk stands Major Higgins, a British liaison officer, in mufti. Major Higgins called on Firki to demand the return of the British airman, Leading Aircraftman Tony Rigden, kidnapped by Egyptians. Higgins was told that the Egyptians did not have Aircraftman Rigden.

MEN OF THE 16TH INDEPENDENT PARACHUTE BRIGADE SEARCH PASSENGERS AT A CHECK-POINT OUTSIDE ISMAILIA: They are seen in these two pictures as they carried out the orders of General Festing, who put a cordon round the town in order to keep a check on all outgoing passengers, following the kidnapping of Leading Aircraftman Rigden. There were criticisms in Parliament last week regarding the degree of effectiveness of these measures, and it was indicated by Lord Stansgate that searching a trainload of passengers would not bring back an abducted airman. Later the Egyptian Foreign Minister made a protest against the traffic check.

A SURVEY *of the* FOREIGN NEWS

PICTURES FROM HUNGARY, SYRIA, FRANCE, THE UNITED STATES, GERMANY AND THE ARGENTINE

IMRE NAGY TAKES OVER IN HUNGARY: The new Prime Minister delivering his inaugural address in the Hungarian Parliament after he had replaced Rakosi as Prime Minister. M. Nagy announced wide, sweeping reforms aimed at improving the economic lot of the Hungarian people and easing political pressure upon them. Rakosi, who was Prime Minister from the time the Communist Party first seized power in Hungary and who was the object of a fervent personal cult, is dropped from the Government altogether, although he is reported to have taken part in the Assembly's session "in the best of spirits." From left to right in the front row in this picture are seen Ferenc Erdei, the Minister of Justice; Andres Hegedus, First Deputy Premier and Minister of Agriculture; and Erno Gero, First Deputy Premier and Minister of the Interior. Much significance, it is said, attaches to the appointment of Gero, who has opposed Rakosi for some time. In outlining his programme, the new Premier spoke of the serious errors made in the past. There was nothing, he said, to justify the exaggerated industrialism upon which Hungary had embarked, particularly in view of the great quantities of raw material requiring to be imported.

THE SCARSDALE BUILDING DISASTER IN THE UNITED STATES: Volunteers searching for victims amid the debris of the four-storey building at Scarsdale, New York State, after it had collapsed, killing two workmen, injuring ten and trapping others under tons of wet concrete, timber and steel. *On right*—One of the victims being carried out on a stretcher. About a hundred policemen, firemen and volunteers, including a number of New York business-men (at the time of the disaster homeward-bound from their offices), dug frantically through the rubble by floodlight in an effort to reach the entombed men before the concrete hardened. The building which collapsed while under construction was to have been a luxurious office building attached to a six-storey apartment block. Ten men were extricated alive from the ruins. Officials of the constructing company said they had no way of knowing how many men were working on the project at the actual time of the collapse. Masons and labourers had been working overtime to complete the pouring of the concrete.

INAUGURATING THE NEW SYRIAN CONSTITUTION: General Fawzi Selo (left), who has ruled in Syria since 1951, because General Sheshekly wished to remain in the background after his coup d'état, seen shaking hands with General Sheshekly after the latter had been elected President of the newly-constituted Syrian Republic. Following a series of military dictatorships since 1949, Syria now makes a real step towards a constitutional Government. This is based on the pattern of the United States, and General Sheshekly has said that the Presidential system has been chosen as it will best enable the Syrian people to achieve their democratic aims. The new constitution guarantees full rights and freedoms to all Syrians, and its protagonists in Syria claim that this draft "excels in its progressive spirit all constitutions of the Middle East countries."

THE STAR WITNESS IN THE BATTLE OF THE BEGUM'S GEMS: M. Georges Valantin, the head of the French C.I.D., who has accused M. Pierre Bertaux, former head of the Sûreté National, the French Scotland Yard, of organising the hold-up in 1949 of the Aga Khan and the Begum, when jewellery valued at about £200,000 was stolen. M. Valantin also accused M. Bertaux of still being in possession of some of the jewellery. This sensational evidence was given on the fifth day of the trial at Aix-en-Provence in which twelve men are charged with the hold-up and with abetting it. The trial has been full of strange twists and surprises, and at one stage, when the wrangling between the witnesses and the police was at its height, Maître Max Juvenal jumped up and declared: "I represent the Begum. It was not she who chose either the thieves or the policemen." At a later stage in his evidence M. Valantin accused M. Bertaux of using his position in the Resistance Movement during the war to execute a number of people. He had also been trafficking in cars which he bought for friends and paid for with public money. When M. Bertaux came to give evidence, he declared that he had suspended M. Valantin from duty for incompetence. At this stage the judge intervened to say he was sorry to see that the court was being used "as a garbage-bin."

THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT IBANEZ OF CHILE TO PRESIDENT PERON OF THE ARGENTINE : President Peron (right) toasting his guest in Congress at Buenos Aires, where President Ibanez received an official welcome from the nation. Earlier the two leaders had signed an important treaty between their respective countries. For a considerable period the Argentine Government has been faced with an increasingly grave economic situation characterised by soaring food prices, a great increase in the cost of living and the continued drift of agricultural workers to the towns. Since April an intensive drive has been launched against profiteers.

IN HIS FATHER'S STEPS : General Ridgway's son, Steve, sub-machine-gun in hand, stands in front of his mother and close beside his father as the latter made his last farewells at Orly Airfield before setting out for the United States on relinquishing his appointment as Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces. On the left stands M. René Pleven, the French Minister of Defence. Before his departure General Ridgway announced important changes in the command.

RIOTING AND ARSON AT OREGON STATE PRISON : *Left*—An overhead view of convicts under guard on the baseball field of the prison after they had been rounded-up by warders following the outbreak of fire in the tailor's shop. *Right*—The shop seen as it was still burning some hours after the outbreak which was deliberately engineered by the convicts. Prison rioting is now something of a commonplace in the United States, and last year saw this particular form of activity at its height. The riots in Illinois even played a part in the American Presidential election when, it may be remembered, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, had to interrupt his campaign in order to go and quell the rioters at Menard State Prison, Illinois. At the same time, four fires were started at Ohio State Penitentiary.

THE LONGEST FRESH-WATER RACE IN THE WORLD : Competitors taking part in the race from Chicago to Mackinac Island, a distance of 330 miles, largely across the waters of Lake Michigan. A stiff breeze provided the competitors with a grand start. Mackinac Island actually lies in Lake Huron at the junction of that lake with Michigan. Lake Michigan is a great sailing area, but mariners have to beware of sudden storms and at times the water can be very rough.

EAST BERLIN WAS NOT THE ONLY CENTRE OF UNREST IN EAST GERMANY DURING THE JUNE RIOTS : This picture, which has just reached London from Europe, shows a fire raging in the Old Market in Leipzig. It came from the burning sales stand of the *Neues Deutschland*, the official Communist Party newspaper. About 80,000 people in Leipzig are said to have taken part in the demonstration. Magdeburg was another scene of rioting and disturbance in East Germany.

THE CRESCENT-WINGED VICTOR

Britain's New Four-Jet Bomber, a Potent New Weapon is Added to the National Armoury in the Plane which Made its Public Debut at the R.A.F. Coronation Review

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY CHARLES KING

LIKE A VISITOR FROM ANOTHER WORLD: This sketch of the Victor shows the unusual wing formation as seen from the nose of the plane. The engine covers are in position. The wing slots are open.

THE BROADSIDE VIEW: The Victor undergoing final adjustments before a flight.

The Handley-Page Victor, Britain's new four-engined jet bomber which made its official debut at the Coronation Air Review at Odiham, is a potent new weapon in the national armoury, and is the third four-engined jet bomber to have been placed on order by the Royal Air Force. The other two are the Valiant and the Vulcan.

Of the Victor it can be said that no other bomber flies as fast, as far, or as high with as great a bomb load. With four Sapphire jet engines buried in the wings, the Victor has more power than twenty-five express locomotives or ten Second World War heavy bombers.

This near-sonic plane flew for the first time from Boscombe Down, near Salisbury Plain, with Handley-Page's chief test pilot, Squadron-Leader H. G. Hazelden, at the controls. With him was the chief flight test observer, Mr. I. K. Bennett. On landing, the test pilot—a wartime bomber ace—said of his graceful, futuristic-looking aircraft: "That was a wonderful taste of things to come. She handled beautifully and did not give a moment's anxiety. I think the boffins have really got something here."

While still on the secret list, this new bomber was put into production for the Royal Air Force—a bold

HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE VICTOR: The pilot has an uninterrupted field of vision.

Below—
THE ANGLE OF SWEEP: This is one of the notable features of the crescent-wing bomber.

THE VICTOR IN FLIGHT: Four Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphires provide the great bomber's power.

THE PLANFORM: These two drawings emphasise the remarkable new silhouette which is to be seen in the skies.

but not an unprecedented course. Some months before the plane's first flight the Ministry of Supply had ordered it in quantity for Bomber Command.

In design the Victor is revolutionary. It has a crescent (or scimitar) swept-back wing. Mr. R. S. Stafford, Handley-Page's chief designer, comments upon this new silhouette in the skies: "This wing is the complete and only answer to the demands of a most exacting specification. It calls not only for operation at high sub-sonic speed at very great heights over long ranges, but also good control over the whole speed range, particularly at approach and landing."

Only recently have British security restrictions allowed reference to the crescent wing, which combines the aerodynamic and operational merits of delta, swept and razor-thin straight wings—designed for flight at sonic speeds—without any of their disadvantages. Two main under-carriages, each with four double-tyred wheels, spread the bomber's load over a large area and enable it to operate from airfields with runways of normal strength.

Outside the jet efflux and other disturbances, it has a high swept-back tailplane on top of a single fin, also with pronounced sweep.

THE WAKAMBA TRIBE DANCES

THE PRIMITIVE DANCERS OF A KENYA TRIBE WHO CLAIM TO HAVE SOME OF THE FINEST ACROBATIC PERFORMERS IN AFRICA

MEMBERS OF THE WAKAMBA TRIBE OF EAST AFRICA PERFORMING ONE OF THEIR ACROBATIC DANCES: Watched by their chief and British representatives, these members of the Wakamba tribe are seen turning a series of rapid cartwheels. The Wakamba tribe is over 600,000 strong and lives in the Ikutha and Kitui districts of East Africa, about 100 miles from Nairobi. Although they are near-neighbours of the Kikuyu, they are in no way related to them.

The Wakamba tribe, like all other African tribes, is intensely proud of its own native dances. They claim that they have some of the finest native dancers in Africa, and to substantiate this claim they performed a series of dances for a photographer who took the pictures seen on this page.

Despite the primitive nature of their dances, the Wakamba native is an intelligent being, most amenable to civilisation. It has been suggested that the reason for their fine, athletic dancing is the fact that they are essentially an artistic people. They are expert wood-carvers and modellers and make beautiful stools and other household articles which they decorate with a fine sense of colour and design. Like their neighbours, the Kikuyu, they have a well-developed business sense, and the photographer had to pay a fee of three cows for the privilege of having these dances performed for his benefit.

Their dances, or Ngomas, are performed on festive occasions and are usually started by the chief. The men of the tribe, resplendent in feathers, gaily-coloured skirts and wearing collars and cuffs made of brightly-coloured beads, beat out the rhythm on huge drums. As the tempo increases, so the dancers, both men and women, join in. They perform their weird and athletic contortions quite undeterred by the sweltering heat of the midday sun in a temperature which is sometimes as high as 110 degrees.

THE WOMEN, TOO, PLAY THEIR PART IN THE ELABORATE DANCES OF THE WAKAMBA: These young Wakamba girls were quite undeterred when dancing in a temperature of over 100 degrees.

***On left*—ON MANY OCCASIONS A SINGER PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE DANCES: A young man of the tribe is chanting a song while a dance is being performed. The words are improvised and often tell of the bravery of the tribe.**

A SOLO PERFORMANCE OF ACROBATICS: This man is transferring his weight from one hand to the other with great speed. *On right*—The drummers who provide the rhythmic beat for the dances. These native musicians are often so carried away with their own music that they start dancing themselves.

WAKAMBA MAIDENS ADD TO THE COLOURFUL SCENE OF THE DANCES: They wear brightly-coloured head-dresses, collars, cuffs and waistbands, and while some blow on police whistles others add to the noise by beating on drums.

LITTLE AMERICA IN GERMANY

America's Biggest Community in Europe; Construction of the Vogelweh Housing Estate, Between the Rhine and the French Border, for Servicemen

A few years after the war when American forces returned to Britain and set up camps in various parts of the kingdom, the old Burtonwood base in Lancashire, formerly an important wartime R.A.F. station, was converted into a series of neighbourhood units and used as a main supply depot for the operational air bases established by the U.S. Air Force in Britain. Within a matter of months the base occupied an area measuring 15 square miles, with a community of over 4,000 men and nearly 2,000 dependants, a complete town in itself. A similar transformation is now taking place near Kaiserslautern, in Germany, where the Americans are building a vast township to accommodate many of the soldiers, airmen and their dependants, serving in the Occupation forces in Western Europe. Known as the Vogelweh Community, the project comprises ninety-nine buildings with accommodation for about 10,000 people and additional amenities for thousands of other Servicemen stationed in the area. In the residential part of the new township apartment houses have been built along curved streets, while in the permanent shopping centre workmen are putting the finishing-touches to the Commissary, post exchange and other stores. The estimated cost of the project is expected to be about £9,000,000. The near-by town of Kaiserslautern has a population of over 62,000, and is remembered by the Americans for offering very little opposition in 1945 when German resistance west of the Rhine collapsed.

A NEW TOWN SET AMID THE BAVARIAN PINE-TREES—AMERICA'S BIGGEST COLONY IN EUROPE: This is a section of the vast Vogelweh housing estate under construction on the wooded hills near Kaiserslautern, the Bavarian town situated 42 miles west of Mannheim. The project comprises ninety-nine buildings with accommodation and recreational facilities for 10,000 American soldiers, airmen and their dependants. It will also serve an additional 12,000 troops stationed in this mighty defence area of Western Europe.

CUSTOMERS HELP THEMSELVES AT THE COMMISSARY IN THE SHOPPING CENTRE: Almost everything available is displayed and the shopper pushes a trolley around the shop while making her purchases.

A CENTRE OF COMMUNITY LIFE: Children of the American Servicemen living at Vogelweh begin assembling outside the newly-built church. Like several other buildings, the church is almost surrounded by pine-trees.

AMERICAN CHILDREN AT WORK AND AT PLAY IN GERMANY: *Left*—The Vogelweh school system ranges from Kindergarten to High School, and in this picture one of the classes is seen during a German lesson. *Right*—Young boys seen during baseball practice on one of the partly-completed recreation fields in the new township. In addition to baseball fields, recreational facilities at Vogelweh include football fields and a gymnasium which will be completed during August.

UPON THE SUMMIT OF THE WORLD, TENSING, THE SIRDAR OF THE SHERPA PORTERS, STANDS WITH AN ICE-AXE HELD ALOFT AND FLAGS OF THE NATIONS FLYING FROM IT: Everest has been a constantly compelling magnet for Tensing's ambition and to the ambitions also of more than one generation of British mountaineers. Now the objective has been achieved and Nanga Parbat, that other giant, has been conquered too. The question arises, what follows? The map on the right shows some of the great peaks of the Himalayas and the Karakorams, including Dhaulagiri (26,796 ft.), where the Swiss have lately made an unsuccessful attempt. K 2, also under assault this year, lies to the north-east of Nanga Parbat. Makalu, with the knife-edge ridge, lies close to Everest.

EVEREST, NANGA PARBAT AND AFTER?

Two of the World's Great Summits Have Lately Been Scaled; Now What Remains for the Mountaineer in the Realm of Himalayan Conquest?

BY HUGH MERRICK

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

While the Coronation crowds waited in the rain-soaked Mall and in Trafalgar Square for the dawn of the great day when Queen Elizabeth II would go to her crowning, while they sang popular songs and made the best of things amid the rain, wind and cold, the news was passed round that Everest had been conquered by Colonel Hunt's British Expedition, the eleventh to set out against the great peak. What a Coronation gift for the Queen, was the widespread comment, and what a heart-warming piece of news it was for the crowds. It was even recorded that there was dancing in the Mall. Only just over a month after Hillary and Tensing had achieved Everest's summit came the news that Herman Buhl, an Austrian, had reached the top of Nanga Parbat, the peak of 26,620 ft. where more mountaineers have died than on any other peak of the Himalayas. And so, after two or more generations of trying, man has set his foot on the loftiest summits; but for the world's mountaineers there are still many objectives, many unnamed, unclimbed and almost unapproachable peaks.

THE END OF A GREAT ADVENTURE: In this drawing Victor Coverley-Price conjures up the scene as the victorious Hillary and Tensing, accompanied by three others, made their way to Camp VI, having climbed to the summit of Mount Everest. Hillary is waving his ice-axe, as if to betoken victory, and the other members of the expedition in the camp are hurrying out to meet the returning party. One of them holds a Thermos flask containing hot drinks.

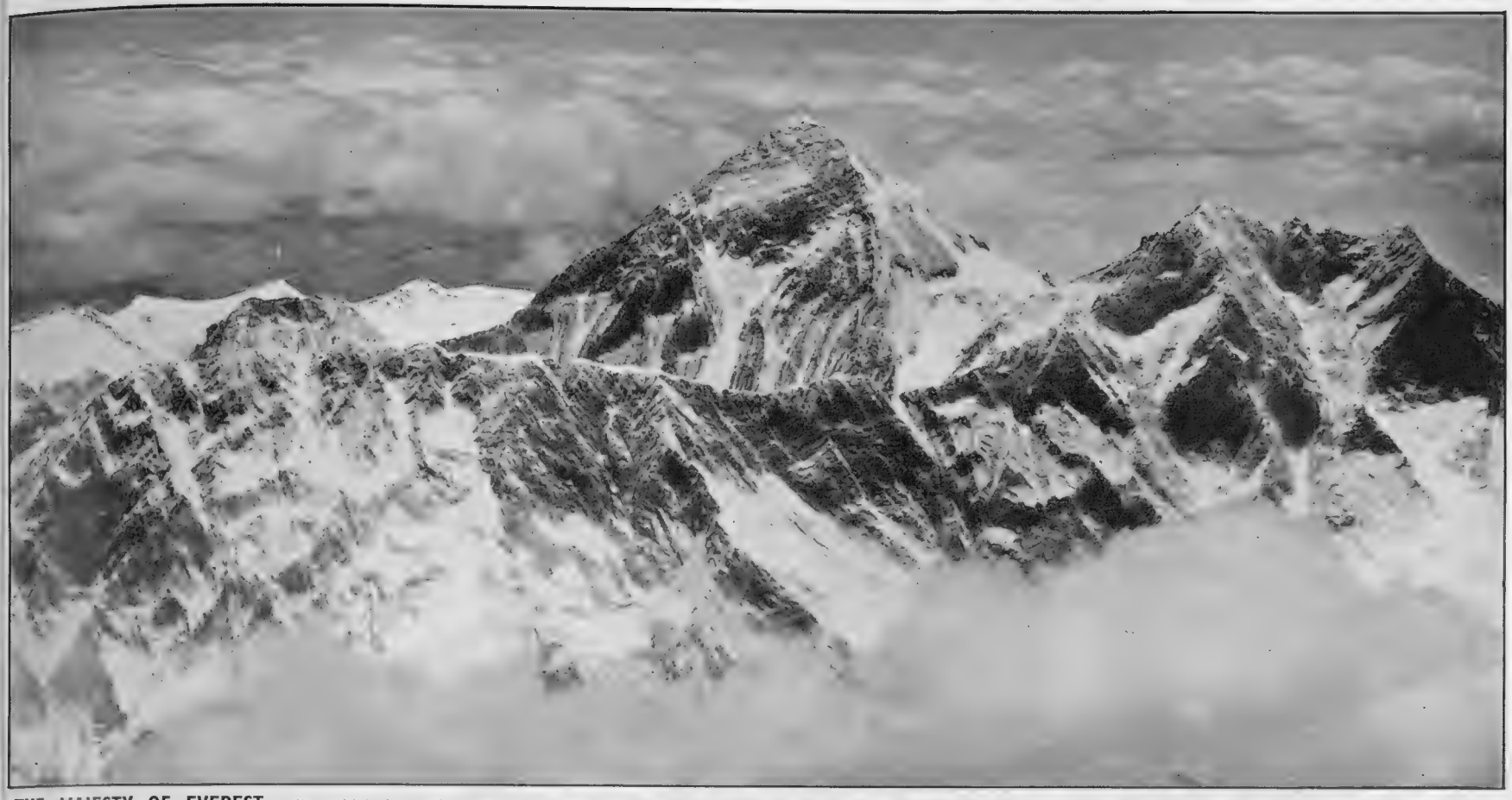
AT 11.30 a.m. on May 29 a British climber and a Nepalese Sirdar of Sherpas, setting the seal on long, costly and arduous endeavour, stood together on the 29,000-ft. summit of Mount Everest. Man's unquenchable but long-denied ambition was thus realised, just over 100 years after the Anonymous Peak XV in the Nepal Himalaya was established as the world's highest summit, and the admirably appropriate name of a great Surveyor-General bestowed upon it. Thirty-two years had elapsed since the first of eleven expeditions to reconnoitre or climb the gigantic mountain set foot on the uncharted glacier systems at its base.

This magnificent achievement, the direct result of splendid organisation and team-work in Colonel Hunt's 1953 assault party, is no less the fruit of all the toil, courage and selfless effort exerted by the ten past expeditions which have faced the perils and hardships of perhaps the toughest of all adventures. For it is a truism that each expedition has climbed on the shoulders of its predecessors.

It was Shipton's 1951 reconnaissance which finally opened up the new southern route from Nepal and established a feasible approach into the Western Cwm. In 1952 the Swiss exploited this knowledge to great effect: not only did they penetrate that strange, high valley of ice and force the formidable slopes towering at its head to the South Col, between Lhotse and Everest, but they pushed on up the South-East Ridge to a point about 1,000 ft. below the summit, only to find themselves, in the conditions then experienced, at the limit of human endurance.

Now, following the same route, Hillary, the New Zealander, and Tensing, the "veteran" Everest Sherpa who had been up to about 28,000 ft. with Raymond Lambert during the first Swiss attempt, have succeeded in the final thrust of a perfectly co-ordinated operation, after a first assault by Bourdillon and Evans had reached the South Summit—well above the point reached by the Swiss, and less than 1,000 ft. below the top. In its course, some twenty Sherpas carried the essential equipment and stores for the last high assault camps to the South Col at almost 26,000 ft.—an unparalleled performance and a vital contribution to the triumph.

Few will grudge a British party their eventual success, for of the eleven attempts nine, including all the exploration work on both sides of the mountain, have been made by our climbers. Everybody will acclaim Tensing's presence on the summit, for it is the fitting embodiment of all the heroic and loyal contribution of a generation of Sherpas, without whose amazing carrying powers, mountaineering skill and devotion—costing not a few of them their lives—Everest would still remain a



THE MAJESTY OF EVEREST—THE MIGHTY PEAK SEEN TOWERING ABOVE THE NUPTSE-LHOTSE RIDGE WHICH RUNS ACROSS THE CENTRE OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM AN AIRCRAFT OF THE INDIAN AIR FORCE AFTER THE SUMMIT HAD BEEN REACHED BY THE BRITISH EXPEDITION ON MAY 29 : The view is taken from the south. Behind the ridge lies the Western Cwm, through which the members of the expedition carved a route leading to the difficult ice-covered face of Lhotse (on the right of the picture) and the South Col, which is the saddle between Lhotse and Everest. It was above the South Col at a height of about 28,000 ft. that Colonel Hunt's expedition set up the final camp, and it was the very height at which this camp was pitched which enabled Hillary and Tensing to reach the final goal on Everest.

virgin peak. (Equally, without European leadership and training no Sherpa would ever have climbed a high Himalayan summit.) Let us hope that everyone will assess as deplorable and irrelevant the political and commercial contentions in which he has so unfortunately become embroiled.

Safely down below base camp, the British members drank buttered tea, that traditional cup of Tibetan hospitality, with the Lamas of Thyangboche Monastery, in honour of the occasion : at Namche Bazar, the nearest village to the foot of the mountain, a great deal of *chang*, the more potent vehicle of local conviviality, flowed down deservedly thirsty Sherpa throats. Khatmandu, the Nepalese capital, welcomed the first members of the expedition, returning, rather surprisingly, in a coach-and-four, with garlands, showers of red ceremonial powder, a royal presentation of honours and a rapid fire of reporters' questions.

Setting aside the fearsome thought that scorners of "adventitious aids" may yet consider it necessary to pit the strength of a party against the rarefied air of this terrible mountain's higher levels without oxygen, before they are satisfied that it has been "properly" climbed, the thoughts of Himalayan mountaineers will now doubtless turn to one or other of the unclimbed giants. For only thirty-seven days after the British triumph on Everest came the news that one of the ten remaining unconquered peaks of over 26,000 ft., Nanga Parbat, had yielded to the fifth German assault in nineteen years. After Everest, Annapurna—climbed in 1950 by the French—and, now, Nanga Parbat—what next?

It has been reported that one of the Everest team has already expressed a desire to be at grips with Makalu, the great wedge of beigy-grey granite thrusting up to 27,790 ft., twelve miles to the east of Everest, on whose sharp spire the returning climbers must have long looked down during the descent from the summit to the South Col. No one has yet attempted this huge armchair of icy rock which, seen from the frontier ridges of Nepal and Sikkim to the south-east, masks and dominates Everest's remoter heights, presenting to the beholder seventy miles away one of the most magnificent mountain spectacles in the world. Indeed, no one has yet set foot on its broad base ; but the famous aerial photograph of its upper ridges, originally confused with Everest when first published after the Houston Everest flight in 1933 and again wrongly featured in one of the daily papers during recent weeks, presents a terrifying picture of knife-edged inaccessibility.

There are, however, two mighty peaks, both over 28,000 ft., on which attempts have been made over the years by a number of strong expeditions, but which have so far resisted every effort to dominate them, at times dealing out bitter retribution on those over-weening enough to set foot on their icy slopes and ridges.

Of these the better known, Kangchenjunga, 28,146 ft. high and rated third among the world's summits, though fifty miles north of Darjeeling, is seen from the wooded paths of that lovely and frequented hill-station to unobscured advantage and, seemingly, in the crystal-clear Himalayan atmosphere, close at hand. Travellers were thus familiar with its broad-shouldered, white symmetry long before the remoter peaks of the great 1,500-mile Himalayan barrier were identified : for long it was, in fact, regarded as the world's highest peak.

The first attempts to approach it were made in 1848 by the famous naturalist, Sir Joseph Hooker, who got to within a few miles of its southern base and, besides climbing a number of subsidiary peaks and crossing several high passes into Tibet, left invaluable notes and accurate sketches and maps of its southern topography.

In 1899 that great traveller, explorer and climber, Douglas Freshfield, led a high-level reconnaissance which circled the mountain at more than 20,000 ft., providing an immense amount of information about its supporting glaciers and their connecting cols, as well as an album of glorious photographs from the camera of the first and perhaps the finest of Alpine photographers, Vittorio Sella.

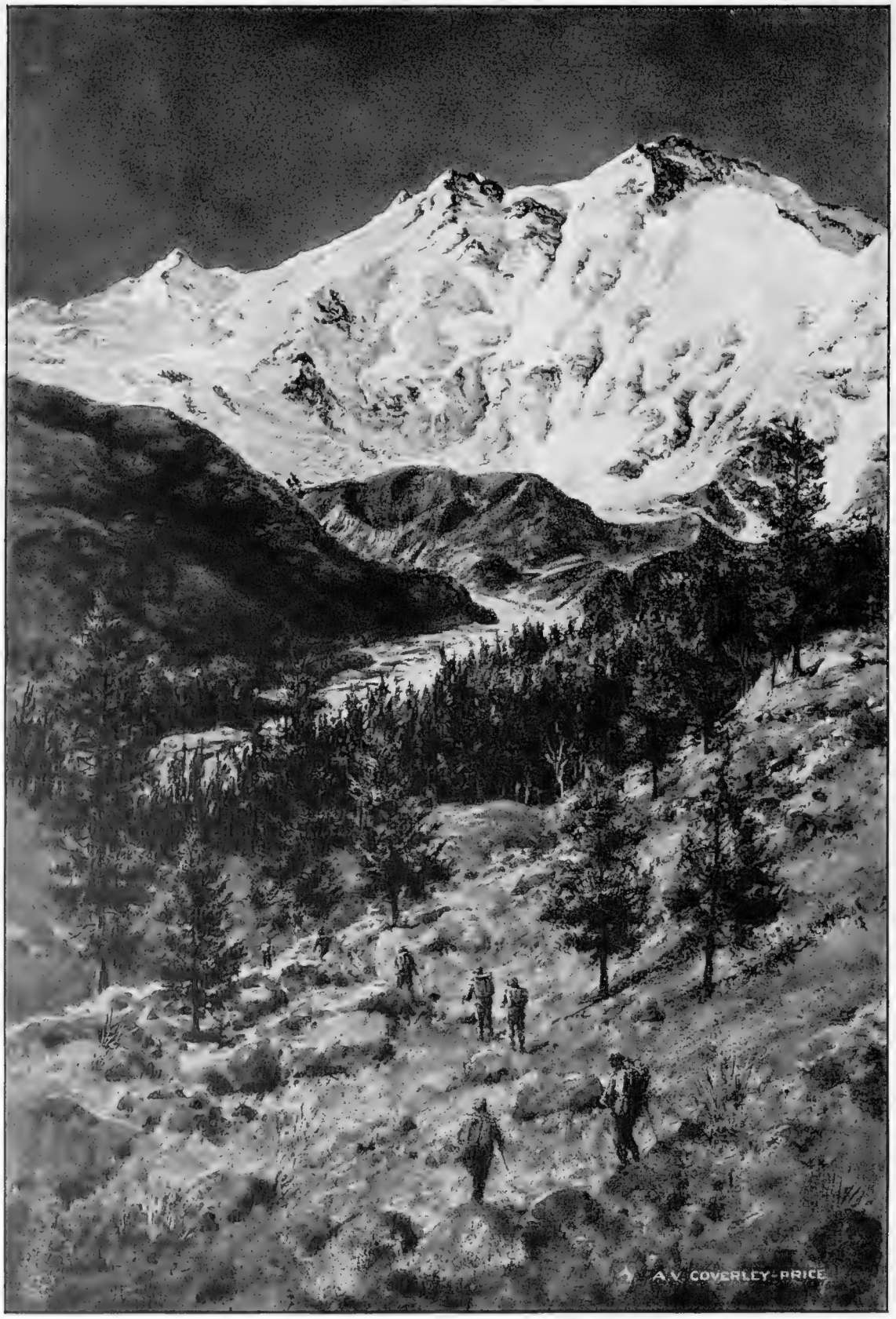
The first actual effort to climb the mountain by its southern flanks, up the Yalung Glacier, was undertaken in 1905 by a party consisting of Alasteir Crowley and three Swiss climbers. It ended in disaster and obloquy, one of the Swiss and three porters losing their lives in somewhat dubious circumstances.

Early in 1929 an American named Farmer perished when rashly pressing his solitary attack too far on the same route in unsuitable conditions, his Everest porters surviving to tell the grim story. Later in the same year a strong and well-organised German expedition, led by Paul Bauer, attacked the mountain by its eastern approach, along the Zemu Glacier, and achieved one of the most amazing mountaineering performances of all time. Making the huge 6,000-ft. north-east ridge

(*Concluded on page 130*)

A DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE HIMALAYAS—THE GREAT MOUNTAIN BARRIER SEEN FROM DARJEELING AT AN ALTITUDE OF MORE THAN 7,000 FT. IN THE FOOTHILLS OF SIKKIM : More often than not the finest peaks of the Himalayas are obscured by clouds, but when the clouds begin to disperse this is the magnificent panorama that can be seen from the neighbourhood of Darjeeling, the starting-point for the earlier expeditions to Everest. Visitors to this famous mountain health resort, the home of Tensing, the Sirdar of the Sherpas, and his family, are taken to the top of Tiger Hill before dawn in the hope of seeing this view, but many are disappointed when the clouds fail to lift. In the centre background, some forty miles away, the huge mass of Kanchenjunga (28,146 ft.) rears its head skyward.

EVEREST, NANGA PARBAT AND AFTER?



ON THE WAY TO NANGA PARBAT: Members of the Austro-German party of climbers passing through the woods and meadows of the Rakhiot Nullah that make such a beautiful setting for the splendid white mass of the mountain. They were on their way to their base camp. On July 4, 1953, at 10 a.m., an Austrian member of this German-Austrian expedition, Herr Hermann Buhl, reached the summit of the mountain. The leader of the team that succeeded in conquering the peak was Herr Aschenbrenner, one of two European survivors of the 1934 disaster on Nanga Parbat, when nine lives were lost after the climbers had reached a height of 25,600 ft. Nanga Parbat, the eighth highest mountain in the world, is known locally as the "German mountain" because of successive German attempts to conquer it. The first man to attempt to climb it was a Briton named Mummery, who, with his two Gurkha bearers, was killed by an avalanche in 1895. A German, Willi Merkl, led the next attempt in 1932. In a second attempt, in 1934, Merkl was frozen to death when a blizzard swept down on the climbers. The other members of the expedition retreated, but nine lives were lost. Of the Europeans, only two Austrians, Herr Schneieer and Herr Aschenbrenner, survived. The next German expedition, in 1937, also ended in disaster when all the members were killed.

On left—

AN ICE SLOPE ON NANGA PARBAT: During the German attempt in 1932 the climbers passed many spectacular places such as this on the lower Rakhiot Glacier and on the way to the first camps.

LOOKING SOUTH AT K 2 (MOUNT GODWIN AUSTEN) AND THE K 2 GLACIER: This is the second highest mountain in the world, and this year an American expedition is attempting to reach its 28,250-ft. summit. Climbers are seen in the foreground gazing at the majestic peak. Their camp is pitched on a ledge below them, overhanging the glacier which is covered with moraine debris. K 2 has been the goal of several American expeditions, one of them most disastrous, for there in 1939 Wolfe and three Sherpas met their deaths as a result of a misunderstanding which caused the expedition to evacuate the lower camps in the mistaken belief that the members of the assault group had died on the mountain. K 2 is sometimes called Dapsang and sometimes Godwin Austen, the latter name being given it in 1888 after Lieut.-Colonel H. Godwin Austen, of the Trigonometrical Survey of India. Everest, too, takes its name from a distinguished member of the Survey

On right—

THE AGHIL RANGES AND K 2 AS SEEN FROM THE TATA LA: This photograph, taken by Major K. Mason, shows how the sharply-pointed summit of the world's second highest peak dominates the mountainous area on the north-east frontier of Kashmir. It was after an American party had mastered the difficult Abruzzi shoulder in 1938 that it began to be apparent that K 2 could be conquered, and it was the Duke of Abruzzi's well-organised expedition in 1907 that first defined the route

EVEREST, NANGA PARBAT AND AFTER?

The Yet-to-be-Conquered Peaks of the Himalayas

On right—

THE KANCHENJUNGA GROUP: The great mass of the peak itself is seen in the centre of the picture between the rhododendron trees. It was taken from the summit of Jonglu (10,000 ft.), lying to the west of Darjeeling. Kanchenjunga has defied all-comers to date. It is rated third among the world's summits, but for long it was regarded as the monarch of the Himalayas. Paul Bauer's book, *Himalayan Campaign*, which was published by Basil Blackwell in 1937, tells the story of the German attack launched upon Kanchenjunga

On left—

FOR A WHILE IT WAS A PROBLEM PICTURE; NOW IT IS KNOWN TO BE THE SUMMIT OF MAKALU, WITH ITS SHARP RAZOR-EDGE AND PRECIPITOUS ROCK-FACE: This picture was one of those taken on the famous Houston-Mount Everest Expedition, and received much publicity at the time, being wrongly identified as Everest. "The Sphere" was the first newspaper to point out the error. One obvious piece of evidence that this was not Everest was that the characteristic snow plume was absent. No pictures of Everest have ever been taken without this plume. The picture is misleading, however, because it has the clearly-defined peak of Everest, with a subsidiary south peak, and presumably a ridge leading to the South Col in the foreground to beguile the beholder into the belief that this is indeed Everest. Makalu overlooks the Valley of the Kama Chu, of which the late George Leigh Mallory wrote so ecstatically. Three of the highest mountains of the world indeed overlook this valley, the other two being Everest itself and the neighbour peak of Lhotse, which rises to 27,890 ft. The lower slopes of Makalu have not yet been reconnoitred, but there are rumours that this may be one of the next Himalayan peaks to attract an expedition.

(*Concluded from page 127*)

their line of assault, they spent six weeks in hacking a way up its knife-edge, surmounted by rickety ice-towers and pinnacles. For the first time they used the technique of living in caves hollowed out of the ice—there was no room for tents nor could heavy equipment be carried up such a crazy staircase—and reached a point at about 24,000 ft. before impossible weather rendered all their almost incredible efforts nugatory and drove them down, fortunately without loss of life.

Bauer returned in 1931, repeating route and technique with another strong party. Two months of unbelievable and hazardous toil brought them to the top of the ridge at 25,600 ft., only to find that an unjustifiably risky slope of avalanche snow separated them from access to the true north ridge, by which the final assault on the summit had been planned. This time one of the climbers, Herman Schaller, lost his life, falling from the lower slopes of the treacherous ice-ridge.

Between these truly magnificent attempts, in 1930, an international expedition, led by Professor Dyrenfurth and including the late Frank Smythe of Everest and Kamet fame, attempted the peak from its western approaches, and thence direct by the icefall below the north ridge. Disaster overtook what would appear to have been an over-perilous undertaking, a huge ice avalanche falling across the track used by the party at the foot of the ice-wall. Chettan, one of the best Sherpas, was killed, and the rest of the party, though overwhelmed and buried, miraculously escaped with minor injuries. This vast cataract of ice tore half-a-mile across the flat expanse of glacier at the base of the ridge and only just stopped short of the base camp. A further attempt, this time by the rocky north-west ridge, revealed so difficult a standard of rock-climbing that a hopeless undertaking was abandoned.

Since the second German attempt Kanchenjunga's vast, terrible ridges and threatening terraces of ill-balanced ice have remained unmolested; but reports are already current of a British attempt next year.

A thousand miles to the west and north, in the vast 300-mile range of the Karakoram, sundered from the Western Himalaya by the great loop of the Upper Indus, stands the second highest mountain in the world. Its proper designation is K2, though often referred to as Mount Godwen Austen, in memory of another great Surveyor-General

As Everest has been mainly a British, Nanga Parbat a German preoccupation, so during recent years K2 has been the goal of American climbing parties.

In 1892 British climbers in Conway and Bruce had extended Godwen Austen's survey, made forty years earlier, of the remote and immense glacier systems of the Karakoram. Ten years later a mixed party, led by the British climber O. Eckenstein, made the first attempt to climb the peak, a beautifully dominating summit dome of white, perched on gigantic supporting ridges. It failed at about 21,500 ft. on the north-east ridge.

The Duke of Abruzzi's well-organised Italian expedition of 1907, including a strong spearhead of Courmayeur guides, was defeated at 22,000 ft., below a prominent shoulder of the south-east ridge, and returned convinced that the ascent was impossible.

Twenty-two years later the Savoia Aosta expedition did much useful cartographic work, but made no serious attempt on the peak.

It was left to an American party, consisting of Bates, Houston and four others, with six Sherpas, to master the "unclimbable" Abruzzi shoulder in 1938. Foot by foot a superlative team effort overcame the immense difficulties of the huge south-east ridge till, at a point well above 25,500 ft., from which they were convinced that a direct way to the summit lay revealed, exhaustion put an end to an outstanding feat of climbing.

A year later an entirely new American team, led by Wiessner, set out to prove their predecessors' contention. The attempt ended in a painful disaster. Wiessner and Pasang Lama got to within 750 ft. of the summit. Wolfe, the third member of the assault party, remained at the highest camp but one, while they descended to the advance supply camp (VI), intending to go up to him again with vital supplies for a final attack. To their dismay, they found it and all the other support camps down the whole ridge stripped, and all stores, tents and sleeping bags withdrawn from the mountain, the support team having erroneously concluded that the assault party

THE UNCONQUERED WHITE CITADEL, KANCHENJUNGA—THE GIANT PEAK WHICH HAS HITHERTO DEFIED ALL-COMERS: *Left*—A tower of rock and ice on the north-east spur of Kanchenjunga. The Germans, during their attempt in 1929, camped for a considerable time in Kanchenjunga's ice-caves and other difficult places. One of their camps was on this tower. *Right*—A camp overlooking the Zemu Glacier, with Kanchenjunga in the background. British climbers may go to Kanchenjunga next year.

had come to grief above. Struggling down, they left Wolfe isolated at over 25,000 ft. None of the American climbers below was apparently fit to go high again, so three gallant Sherpas set off to the rescue. By a stupendous effort they reached the site of Camp VI in one day: they were never seen again.

K2 awaits the *coup dè grâce*, but a third American expedition is already on its way to the mountain, and this may well prove the next great Himalayan prize.

Though Nanga Parbat, 120 miles south-west of K2, at the extreme western end of the Himalaya, has at last succumbed, the mountain, though a mere 26,620 ft., has proved the deadliest of all in self-defence.

As long ago as 1890, Mummery, one of the outstanding Victorian climbers, had laid siege to the great snowy mass which reveals 23,000 ft. of its superb face to the Indus Valley and, seen from the hills of Kashmir, a hundred miles away, floats like a vast rose-petal in the evening sky. Baulked by the fearsome ice-cliffs of its western Diamirai approach, he decided to traverse a ridge into the Rakhiot Nullah to seek an easier line of attack from the east. He and the two Gurkhas accompanying him were never seen again. Subsequent history leaves little doubt that they were overwhelmed by one of Nanga Parbat's notorious avalanches.

In 1932 a reconnaissance made by a mixed German-American team under Willy Merkl christened the lovely pine-fringed alp in the Rakhiot Nullah, on which their base camp was pitched, in full view of the glorious mountain-wall above, the Fairy Meadow. Nanga Parbat has since proved anything but a good fairy.

It was in 1934 that the mountain became the particular prerogative of German expeditions, Merkl again leading a very strong team to within measurable distance of success at about 25,250 ft. Here, little more than 1,000 ft. below the summit, with all the greatest difficulties behind them, the main strength of the party were caught, strung out in flimsy camps along the long high ridge, by a blizzard whose fury never abated for several days. Hopelessly cut off from the support parties thousands of feet below, four climbers and six Sherpa porters—two of them Everest veterans—died miserably of exposure, though a handful of the hardiest struggled down to reach safety at the last gasp. The gloom of this fateful tragedy was relieved by the heroism of the Sherpas.

Nanga Parbat, however, had not yet done its worst. In 1937 the Germans sent out an entirely new but equally strong party. On the night of July 14-15, at twenty minutes past midnight by the stopped watches found upon them later, the whole assault team of seven climbers and nine Sherpas was annihilated, as it slept in the tents of Camp IV, by an ice avalanche which covered an area of 15 acres to a depth of 12 ft. This greatest of mountaineering disasters was as mercifully swift as its forerunner had been lingeringly cruel.

So suddenly and completely did the deadly cataract of thousands of tons of ice engulf its victims that no sign of fear showed on the sleeping faces uncovered after a frantic week's digging by the stricken survivors.

Undaunted, and inspired by the intense nationalistic mood of Nazi Germany, two further parties visited the mountain in successive years: happily, both returned safely, though they failed to reach any great height. This year, under the leadership of Peter Aschenbrenner, the fifty-two-year-old survivor of the 1934 disaster, unshaken in his determination to square accounts with the ruthless and implacable "Naked Goddess," a German-Austrian team renewed the struggle. As we have so recently heard, she has at last been forced to bow her lovely but murderous head.

Meanwhile, we learn that the Swiss, who have been attempting Dhaulagiri, the sixth highest summit in the world, have failed, as has the Japanese assault on Manaslu, the eighth.

Should the thoughts of mountaineers turn away from the reduction of one of the ten giant summits of over 26,000 ft. still unclimbed, which have so implacably resisted the most determined efforts to subdue them, a hundred other mighty peaks of over 23,000 ft. stand ranged along 1,800 miles of the Himalaya and Karakoram, awaiting their attention, unapproached and unclimbed, each of them a stupendous undertaking, demanding the last limits of skill, courage and endurance.

RIOTING MARS BASTILLE DAY

Several People were Killed and Many Hurt as a Result of Disturbances During the Celebrations in Paris

July 14 in Paris, traditionally a day of celebration and rejoicing, was this year marred by the deaths of seven North Africans, killed during rioting with the police in the Place de la Nation during the late afternoon. Earlier in the day, under a sky heavy with rainclouds, President Auriol had taken the salute as more than 15,000 men and 600 armoured vehicles passed by in the biggest military parade since the war. The parade, which included representative detachments of an infantry division, reinforced with mechanised vehicles, began with a fly-past of jet fighters and ended in complete contrast with the ride-by of the mounted Republican Guards and the white-robed Algerian Spahis. All went well, with huge crowds cheering each section of the parade, until later in the afternoon, when the Communists organised another procession, partly in protest at the demonstration of military might staged by the Government but giving prominence to the theme "the defence of freedom." About 10,000 demonstrators marched from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la Nation in an orderly fashion, ready to disperse at the end of their march, held in the presence of Marcel Cachin, the veteran Communist leader. On reaching the Place de la Nation, however, about 2,000 North Africans wished to continue marching. It is not quite clear what happened next, but within a short time the men attacked the small police force with various weapons and set fire to two vans and a car. Police reinforcements were rushed to the area, but meanwhile the small band of defenders had found it necessary to open fire. The trouble, which lasted less than an hour, is not considered to have had any connection with the Nationalist movements in Morocco or Tunisia.

WITH THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE IN THE BACKGROUND, HEAVY TANKS ROLL ALONG THE AVENUE DES CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES DURING THE BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS IN PARIS: The military parade took place during the morning with more than 15,000 officers and men marching past the President, M. Auriol. Later in the day a Communist-organised parade caused clashes between the marchers and the police when rioting broke out in the Place de la Nation. Most of the European demonstrators dispersed at the Place de la Nation, but North Africans, wishing to march on down the Cours de Vincennes, began brawling with the police and suffered several fatal casualties.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TAKES THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST: Among the other distinguished persons present on the dais with M. Vincent Auriol and Madame Auriol are the Prime Minister, M. Laniel, and Marshal Juin. The military parade, the biggest to be staged since the war, was witnessed by large crowds.

THE ARMED FORCES MARCH THROUGH THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: A special cheer was reserved for the white-plumed cadets of St. Cyr, the Military Academy, which had just been awarded the Croix de Guerre. About 800 cadets from St. Cyr have been killed in Indo-China.

DANCING AND RIOTING IN THE RAIN: *Left*—Undeterred by frequent showers of rain, Parisians celebrate Bastille Day with music and dancing in the Place de la Bastille. *Right*—Demonstrators break down fences which had been set up for the Communist parade. They used parts of these fences, and broken-down benches, as weapons against the police. Knives were also used, and policemen, surrounded by angry demonstrators, were forced to open fire. The rioting was extremely violent.

THEY ARRIVED OVER THE AIRFIELD AT ODIHAM EXACTLY TO THE SECOND: Four-engined aircraft which took off from Marham Aerodrome, Norfolk, seen flying over Odiham Airfield, Hampshire, during the Royal Air Force's Coronation Review, when the Queen saw the greatest display of air power ever mounted by the Service in its thirty-five years' history. In the fly-past were 641 aircraft of thirty types, which had taken off from forty-two different places. On the ground were another 318 aircraft, as well as items of equipment representing every branch of the R.A.F.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE FOR THE REVIEW: The Royal visitors being greeted at Odiham. The Queen wore a coat and hat of blue and the Duke was in the uniform of a Marshal of the Royal Air Force. The Queen and the Duke lunched in the officers' mess at Odiham in company with members of the Air Council.

THE R.A.F. SALUTES THE QUEEN

The Great Coronation Air Review and Flying Display at Odiham

Since the Silver Jubilee Review by the Queen's grandfather, King George V, in 1935 there has been no Royal Review of the R.A.F., and so passing from the age of the biplane and the piston engine to the age of the jet engine, the crescent wing and the delta, these eighteen years have been perhaps the most memorable in flying progress.

The Queen's Coronation Year visit to the R.A.F. began with an inspection of personnel and with the static display of aircraft. Then came the great fly-past, the biggest in the history of the R.A.F. With 641 aircraft, it was not only the largest fly-past but also the most complex, with 49 " items " representing bomber, fighter, coastal, transport, flying training, home, and maintenance branches, and the Second Tactical Air Force. The Canadian and Australian Air Forces were also represented.

Of the 641 aircraft that swept by in front of the Queen, only 197 were piston-engined.

Having taken off from forty-two different bases round the British Isles ranging from St. Eval, in Cornwall, to Bullkelly, in Northern Ireland, the groups had converged at a point in Hertfordshire, from which they had flown along a straight 40-mile corridor to Odiham.

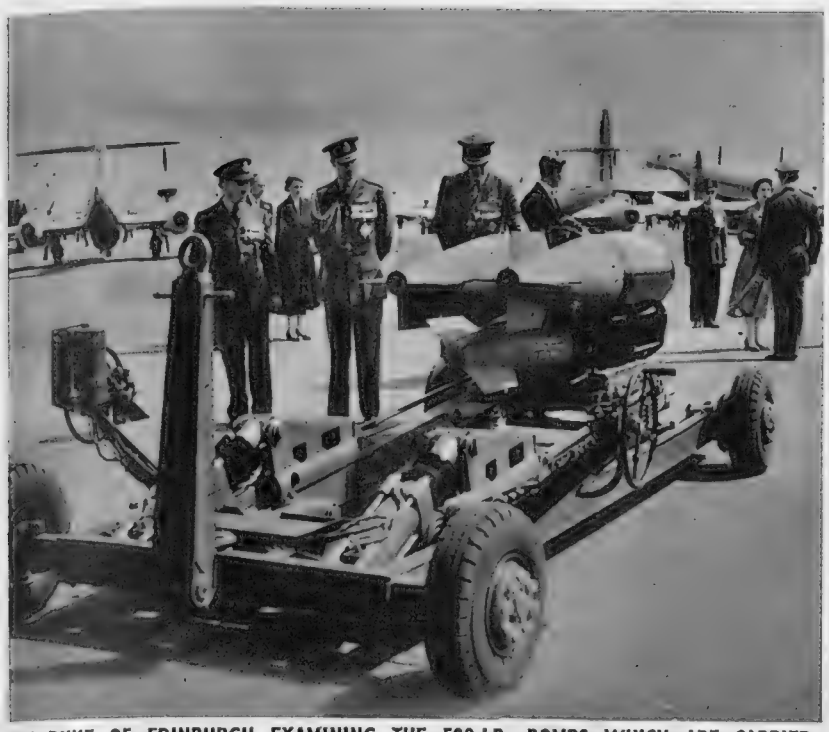
The approach of this amazing " parade " was heralded by a solitary Sycamore helicopter flying in front of the Queen, and then came the formations, varying in size from the threes of the stately Sunderlands and Hastings to the thirty-six of the Royal Canadian Air Force Sabres, whizzing by in one " shriek."

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PASS DOWN THE LINE OF VENOMS AND SABRES : The Royal visitors at Odiham Airfield for the Coronation Review of the Royal Air Force. Later during the display they saw Venoms tracing the word "Vivat" in huge letters in the sky. There were 42,000 spectators at the Review.

THE R.A.F. SALUTES THE QUEEN

Highlights of the Great Coronation Review at Odiham

ASPECTS OF THE BIG FLY-PAST, A TRIUMPH OF CAREFUL CO-ORDINATION AND SKILFUL TIMING : *Left*—Spectators comfortably ensconced in their canvas chairs as the aircraft flew overhead in tight formation. *Right*—R.A.F. personnel tending flares in a field at King's Langley. These flares guided the aircraft into the 38-mile corridor which took them over Rickmansworth, Chalfont St. Peter, Gerrard's Cross, Burnham, Bracknell, and Sandhurst to Odiham. The stream of aircraft was directed into the corridor from a number of widely-scattered bases, and because of the differences in the distances from Odiham and the disparity in speeds, careful planning was essential.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH EXAMINING THE 500-LB. BOMBS WHICH ARE CARRIED BY THE CANBERRAS : The Duke is seen inspecting a bomb-transporter and its cargo during his tour of the static display at Odiham. There were 318 aircraft in the static display, and also many varieties of equipment.

AIRCRAFT OF BOMBER COMMAND FLYING ABOVE THE ROYAL STANDARD : Weather conditions were far from ideal for the fly-past, the pilots having to make constant adjustments to keep in formation on account of the "bumps." Rain, haze and thunderstorms had been indicated in weather forecasts, but fortunately conditions did not deteriorate.

THE MARCH-PAST OF OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION YEAR : Her Majesty is seen standing upon the saluting dais (right) in company with the Duke of Edinburgh. Ranged in the background are some of the 318 aircraft in the static display which the Queen also reviewed. The aircraft were marshalled in four parallel lines, each stretching for more than three-quarters of a mile, and represented the flying Services of the Commonwealth.

THE DEMOLITION OF THE EAST WALL OF ST. ANNE'S, SOHO, A FAMOUS LONDON CHURCH WHICH SUFFERED SADLY IN THE BLITZ : Under a reorganisation measure of 1953, St. Anne's Church, Soho, has become vested in the London Diocesan Board of Finance and is now in the process of being demolished. Many people have expressed concern about the ultimate fate of several memorials in and around the church that have escaped the wartime bombing. The two most noted of these are those to William Hazlitt and Theodore, King of Corsica, which are in the old churchyard at the front of the tower, facing Wardour Street. These are to be preserved. St. Anne's was built in 1685 and dedicated in honour of Princess Anne of Denmark, who later became Queen Anne. A final service is to be held to-morrow (July 26).

THE ANCIENT LAMMAS FAIR AT EXETER—THE SCENE AS THE LORD MAYOR READ THE PROCLAMATION OF THE FAIR OUTSIDE THE GUILDHALL : A feature of this year's Lammas Fair was the Baby Show—the first one to be held in conjunction with the event, and the first to be held in Exeter since 1946. One hundred and seventy-six babies were entered, and the prizes, which were donated by traders of the city, were presented to the winners by the Lammas Fair Queen, Miss Pat Castle.

The Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON and the ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT SPEAKING AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW LUNCHEON AT THE SAVOY HOTEL : This luncheon is held annually to mark the opening of the Show at the White City. Seated at the table with the Duke of Beaufort in the above picture are seen Lord Burghley ; Mr. F. H. Boland, the Irish Ambassador ; Dr. Lother Wimmer, the Austrian Ambassador ; and Mr. F. S. Gentle, the chairman and managing director of the White City Stadium. The International Horse Show has, as in previous years, made a wide appeal to the general public as well as to horse-lovers, mainly because of the superb international jumping which has now become its chief feature. An added attraction this year has been the visit of the well-known Spanish Riding School of Vienna, their first appearance at this Show in twenty years.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT RECEIVES AN HONORARY DEGREE AT CAMBRIDGE : The Duchess, who received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Law, is seen in the procession to Senate House, where the ceremony was performed by Lord Tedder, Chancellor of the University. The ceremony was held during the Congress of the Universities of the Commonwealth, and Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors and representatives of other universities were present. Among other conferments made on the same day was that of the degree of LL.D. to Dr. Bashir Ahmad, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the Punjab, Lahore, for his work in connection with the introduction of modern studies to his university, which is an ancient seat of Islamic scholarship. After the conferment of degrees, the Chancellor delivered an address of welcome to the members of the Congress, and Sir Philip Morris, Vice-Chancellor of Bristol and chairman of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, replied.

THE GREEK MINISTER OF ECONOMIC CO-ORDINATION IN LONDON—MR. MARKEZINIS WITH MR. BUTLER AT THE TREASURY: On his arrival at London Airport, the Greek Minister conveyed a message of goodwill from the people of Greece to the people of Britain. As Minister for Co-ordination, Mr. Markezinis is the right-hand man of the Greek Prime Minister, Marshal Papagos. He arrived in this country last week for a six-day official visit as the guest of the British Government and was accompanied by his wife. During his visit Mr. Markezinis discussed with British Ministers ways of expanding trade between the two countries. He was particularly anxious to obtain foreign capital to finance Greek development, as American aid to his country has now been reduced. Among the developments planned for Greece are hydro-electric schemes which would bring important social, as well as economic benefits.

THE "CANSDALE AFFAIR" AT THE ZOO: Mr. George Cansdale, who was dismissed from his post as Superintendent of the Zoo last January, is seen waiting for the result of the Zoological Society's annual meeting, where his case was discussed. Behind him, visitors seem more interested in the elephant than in Mr. Cansdale. The Zoological Society expressed by an overwhelming majority confidence in the officers who dismissed Mr. Cansdale. His dismissal on the grounds of economy caused a great deal of controversy among those connected with the Zoo, and among many people who were not. At the annual general meeting of the Society, held last week, Major Hugh Minty, backed by other members, proposed a motion expressing "no confidence" in the Secretary of the Society, Lord Chaplin; the Treasurer, Mr. Morrison Scott, and the Director, Dr. L. Harrison Matthews, and called for their resignation because of the part they played in the dismissal of Mr. Cansdale. This motion was lost by 368 votes to 13. During the meeting, there was a demonstration by the keepers of the Zoo, expressing their approval of the action that had been taken by the Council.

BASTILLE DAY IS CELEBRATED IN LONDON—PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH COLONY IN LONDON SEEN AT A DINNER HELD AT THE FESTIVAL GARDENS, BATTERSEA: From left to right are—M. Bardot; M. M. O. François, President of the French Colony; M. René Massigli, the French Ambassador; Colonel Clogenson, President of Français de Grande Bretagne; and M. Raux, the French Consul-General. Among the events held in connection with the Bastille Day celebrations in the Festival Gardens was a torchlight procession of students.

THE LORD OF THE LOCKS—VISCOUNT ST. DAVIDS, WHO IS RUNNING A PASSENGER-CARRYING SERVICE ON THE CANAL BETWEEN PADDINGTON AND GREENFORD: Viscount St. Davids is seen at the tiller of his boat *Evelyn*, a narrow, 72-ft. vessel which carries about sixty passengers. For half the ten-mile journey the boat is towed by motor tractor and then by horse. The round trip takes about eight hours. Viscount St. Davids, who has written two books on inland waterways, is operating the canal passenger service in partnership with Mr. Peter Husband-Goodman, the short-story writer. They hope to make the canal boats as well known as stage coaches once were.

THE DEATH OF MR. HILAIRE BELLOC: A recent photograph of the author of *The Path to Rome* at his cottage in Shipley, Sussex, among "the great hills of the South Country." Mr. Belloc, who was eighty-two when he died following a fall at his home in Sussex, was one of the great men of letters of this century, and he will be remembered as well for his conversations with his great friend, G. K. Chesterton, as for his many books of essays and verse.

THE "QUEEN MARY" DOCKS AT SOUTHAMPTON: The liner seen entering the King George V graving dock for her summer overhaul. The *Queen Mary* was delayed by high winds on her last Atlantic crossing, and was twenty-four hours late in docking at Southampton, where she stayed in dry-dock for a week. So far, this has been a good year for transatlantic lines.

AS OUR ANCESTORS SAW IT

The Journals and Diaries Kept by Our Forebears and Said to be "Of No Value to Anyone But the Owner," Provide the Essential Material for Biographers and Historians

By JOHN GORE

EXACTLY a year ago, in the columns of the *Sunday Times*, I entered the lists and struck a blow for those modest private diaries kept by ordinary people, diaries "of no importance to anyone but myself." I tried to assure all those humble, old-fashioned folk who still find time for that ancient habit, that their labour is not in vain and that so far from assuring a mere personal interest for their old age, they are establishing themselves as fountains and sources of historical truth. Here follows my argument and the peg on which I hung it:

"When she was married forty-eight years ago, Mrs. Norah Arnott began keeping a diary day after day, without fail. The births of three children, a girl, two boys . . . the dates they cut their first teeth . . . their first attempts at talking . . . starting school . . . what they did during holidays . . . those were among the entries in her little red books.

"Each year Mrs. Arnott, a solicitor's wife, started a new one. But now the saga has been stopped. Thieves . . . stole a dispatch-box in which she kept the forty-eight diaries.

"She said last night: 'They are of no value to anyone but me, with their memories of happy married life. . . .'

"'Of no value to anyone but me'? These words are more than an understatement by a modest woman; they are a menace to posterity and to the truth of history. Hers is a notion of the worth of the private diary which must be branded as a damnable heresy and instantly scotched. Already the telephone and the airliner have killed the gentlest art of letter-writing, and no historian doubts that a vital aid to historical truth was thereby liquidated, or deems that latest inventions of science and the tooth-comb of a universal Press can make up with files, discs and film-scrolls for the buried treasures of the private diary and the old packet of letters 'of no importance except to me.'

"Truth is the daughter of time, as Josephine Tey argued in her delightful sleuthing into the reign of Richard III. Over the centuries the Mrs. Arnotts have been chiefly responsible for bringing the baby into the world—the Pastons, the Byngs, the Harrises, the Fiennes, the Grevilles.

"Even in the days of leisure there never were enough of them. Arthur Ponsonby would sometimes declare that he was gravelled for lack of matter. Trevelyan and Arthur Bryant would confirm the value and the lack of these essential lights and correctives. If proof be further needed, count up the citations from Celia Fiennes or the Pastons or Rifleman Harris in the definitive Histories of master-historians. For history is born a doubtful starter, by Partisan out of Malice, or perhaps by Courtier out of Adulation, and the early historians adopt the rumours and the lies and these become first legends and at last the inviolable truth taught to schoolchildren, until one day some of Mrs. Arnott's tattered notebooks are picked up in Charing Cross Road at 2s. 6d. for a job lot.

"It is she who tells the whole truth to social historians, supplies the right paints, puts over the lost atmosphere, brings the dead to life, and not seldom she gives the lie to two centuries of political historians too. What if Pepys's empty house had been burgled during that lawless Plague Year? What if Creevey's vast mass of papers had remained unexamined at Whitfield Hall, and had been sent to scrap to help the war effort in 1917? What if a disgruntled widow at Stratford-on-Avon in 1616, holding Mrs. Arnott's views, found in the mattress of a 'second-best bed' some messy scrawls and notes in her late husband's hand and threw them on the midden during spring cleaning? If Cassandra Austen had not held that shortsighted opinion and blacked out the more lively and revealing passages in her sister Jane's correspondence. . . .

"Mrs. Arnott's dangerous modesty must be corrected. Style, profundity, wit, none of these is essential in such diaries. In the daily journals of George V, faithfulness is all. If diaries are punctually kept by an honest hand, they will be a gold-mine to biographers and historians, though they may treat largely of the day's weather or the day's bag. I, for one, among that King's official biographers, will speak to the enormous value of that faithful record."

The Value of Hoarding.—The horrors which result from world wars make up a catalogue too terrible to print. The damfooleries and imbecilities which in wartime official panic-directives and early fanaticism cause, make a Bedlamite catalogue hardly less terrible, from the locking-up of old family servants suspected of being of enemy origin to the ploughing-up of century-old lawns for the growing of potatoes that will not grow, or to the blind and ruthless destruction of family archives for the paper-salvage campaign.

Paper-salvage in war is no doubt necessary—a few of us in peace still carry on the duty with no encouragement from central or local government, trade or finance or industry. But, necessary or no, there is plenty of waste paper to salvage from Government directives, the agenda of redundant, unnecessary committees, trade circulars, company reports and other junk—without tipping your family papers unread into the salvage bin. All my life I have been a hoarder, and now thankfully record that I never caught the war mania and the panic and the fanaticism so badly as to lay hands on my dusty boxes of family letters. And only the other day I went through those old boxes of faded manuscript again and fished out seven little volumes of great-grandmother's diaries.

They are written between 1788 and 1801, in a spidery, minute hand in annual copies of *The Ladies' Companion*, a volume in diary and calendar form, half-an-inch to a day, with a supplement of rhymed enigmas, popular songs and instructions for the dancing of new country dances. And, oh my goodness! At first sight how dull, how unrevealing, the daily record of her girlhood's existence!

As Caroline Saw It.—Great-grandmama was seventeen years old when she began to keep her journals. She was Caroline, a younger daughter of Sir Thomas Pym-Hales, a Kentish landowner and M.P., directly descended from John Pym and a man of means and position, with a house in London and a country place near Canterbury. In East Kent they lived among their kind, in a "ring of baronets," among Bridges and Brydges, Knatchbulls and Knights, and anything more dull than the daily round, as recorded, could hardly be conceived. The morning call, the Assembly Ball, the gossip and the bonnet-stitching, the walk or drive to Church, the gentlemen's morning ride, the shopping in Canterbury, the contacts with possible husbands all living within a ten-mile radius. Dull, but somehow familiar, related to something much more coloured and exciting. The place-names and the surnames are familiar. Godmersham, Goodnestone, Rowling, Denne Court, these names and those of Bridges and Knights are somewhere recalled in somebody's letters. Whose? Why, of course, in Cassandra Austen's letters to Jane and Jane's to Cassandra! Interest of a sort suddenly sharpens in great-grandmama's *juvenlia*. She was living in the scenes, in the setting (and exactly contemporaneously) which had made up Jane Austen's *first impressions*. The Edward Knight of her diaries who marries Elizabeth Bridges is Jane's brother (the one born with a silver spoon in his mouth), who was adopted as heir of the childless Knights and came to live at Rowlings and later to own both Godmersham, in Kent, and Chawton, in Hampshire. Surely with any luck Caroline will record the visits of Edward's mother and sisters and perhaps some pregnant remark let fall by Jane.

Sure enough she does. Painful research in her tiresome little diaries introduces Mrs. Austen and Jane paying a visit to Rowlings in June 1792, and other references follow. Illuminating? Alas, no. No more illuminating than what we have in Jane's letters to Cassandra, as blue-pencilled by her foolish elder sister.

As Jane Used It.—But the journals are not on that account to be sent to salvage. They may tell us nothing of Jane's appearance and conversation, but they accurately catalogue the tools of her trade, the first impressions on which she drew, the life she led and described in her novels. For this dreary, time-wasting existence of Caroline and her sisters is the life of Longbourn and Meryton in a slightly lower "social" stratum, in the precise stratum of Mansfield Park or Rosings. Could anything be duller when Caroline is chronicler? Or more delightful when Jane takes over? And the lesson is that the letter kills and the spirit makes alive. The dullest and most drab routine can be gilded, coloured and made exciting where observation, wit, selection and purpose guide the pen and punctuate the prose.

Caroline's eyes saw exactly what Jane's saw, but Caroline's missed all the finer points, Jane's penetrated to the essentials. I shall not pulp great-grandmama's little journals. Perhaps the Jane Austen Society would like to possess this dull little catalogue of Jane's stock-in-trade. Caroline, in due course, found her man within the ten-mile radius, Captain the Honourable William Gore, A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Grey. He, too, kept a diary of events at the time of the Mutiny of the Nore. A dull diary, but when I offered it to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, the Director was pleased to describe it as of historical interest and gratefully to accept it, and even to ask for more.

Perhaps the diary-habit brought the young people together, and perhaps my great-grandparents passed down to me my lifelong interest in even the dullest diaries of the most obscure people. I know that every generation of their descendants have been spasmodic diarists but dyed-in-the-wood *hoarders*.

ALBANY CELEBRATES THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CONVERSION INTO CHAMBERS

THE FAMOUS BUILDING ON THE NORTH SIDE OF PICCADILLY, LONDON, W., CLOSE TO BURLINGTON HOUSE, WHICH CELEBRATED ITS ANNIVERSARY WITH A GARDEN-PARTY HELD IN ROPE WAY, THE COVERED WALK FLANKED WITH SUITES OF CHAMBERS WHICH RUNS FROM PICCADILLY TO BURLINGTON GARDENS: Albany, erected on the site of Sutherland House, was known as Piccadilly House until 1770, when Lord Holland sold it to Lord Melbourne, by whom its name was changed to Melbourne House. Melbourne later exchanged it for a mansion in Whitehall with the Duke of York and Albany, after whom it was renamed and let out first as chambers and more recently as flats. The list of distinguished residents at Albany include Lord Byron, who lived there from 1814-15, Bulwer Lytton and Lord Macaulay.

"THE AMAZING MARRIAGE"

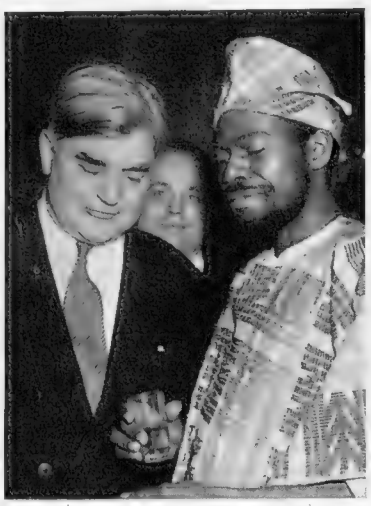
THE WEDDING OF MISS PEGGY CRIPPS AND MR. JOE APPIAH, A GOLD COAST LAW STUDENT, AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD

AT THE WEDDING RECEPTION : Lady Cripps, widow of the late Sir Stafford Cripps and mother of the bride, shaking hands with Albert Owusu Ansah Kumasi, of the Gold Coast. The reception following the wedding was attended by many African guests.

THE OFFICIAL WEDDING GROUP : The bride and bridegroom with Lady Cripps and, on right, Mr. John Cripps, the bride's brother, who gave his sister away. Mr. George Padmore, the best man, is seen standing next to the bride.

THE THREE CHILD ATTENDANTS : Akua Boaeu is seen standing between Caroline and Kathleen Weaver after the wedding at St. John's Wood. They all wore lemon-coloured taffeta dresses with bright blue overskirts and headdresses of red and white flowers, and they carried bouquets of mixed coloured flowers.

ARM-IN-ARM THEY LEAVE ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, AFTER THEIR WEDDING : More than 200 invited guests, and many more uninvited, packed the church for the marriage of Miss Peggy Cripps, the thirty-two-year-old daughter of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, to Mr. Joe Appiah, a Gold Coast law student. After a short honeymoon the couple will live until the autumn at a flat in St. John's Wood. They will then go out to the Gold Coast, most probably to Kumasi. Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Sir Richard Acland were among the many celebrities in the Labour Party who were at the reception, which was made colourful by the presence of African guests in brilliant traditional costume. At the conclusion of the wedding ceremony at St. John's Church the congregation stood to sing the hymn "In Christ there is no East or West, in Him no South or North, But one great fellowship of love Throughout the whole wide earth." The bride knows the Gold Coast and Togoland, having spent three months there earlier this year. She already has many friends on the Coast of all shades and nationalities, and she is much looking forward to settling down there.



ANEURIN BEVAN AT THE RECEPTION : He is seen in conversation with Mr. E. E. Orahiagson of Nigeria, a personal friend of the bridegroom.

SETTING OUT ON THEIR HONEYMOON : Mr. Joe Appiah and his bride seen at Northolt Airport as they set out for Paris. They had provided London with its most remarkable wedding in years. The bride is beginning to learn the Ashanti language, her husband's native tongue,

LITTLE ITALY CELEBRATES—THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL TO MARK THE CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL IN THE ITALIAN COLONY IN LONDON: The two-mile-long procession seen passing through the streets of Clerkenwell from the Italian Church of St. Peter, Hatton Garden. At the head of this section of the procession is a representation of Our Lord wearing the crown of thorns as He is escorted by Roman soldiers. In other sections there were scenes depicting the Saints.

A PARTY OF VERY JUNIOR "MONKS" PLAY THEIR PART IN THE CLERKENWELL PROCESSION: Dressed in a replica habit of an order of the Roman Catholic Church, the children, some carrying sprays of lilies, escort two of their "brethren," whose task was to carry a sacred picture. As usual, many children took part in the procession and they were watched by huge crowds of sightseers.

JULY DAYS IN BRITAIN

THE ACCENT ON THE PICTURESQUE IN EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND LAST WEEK-END

During the past weeks many streets in London, and the rest of the country, have echoed with cheers as the newly-crowned Queen has gone among her people. Last Sunday the streets of Clerkenwell were again crowded with spectators, but this time they were gathering to witness an ecclesiastical procession. Held annually to mark the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the procession, which started at the Italian Church of St. Peter, Hatton Garden, wound its way amid the local streets and covered a distance of two miles. This year the procession was made up of more than twenty different sections, each having some bearing on the life of the Church. Spaced out along the procession were groups of children escorting adults dressed as the Apostles and Saints, while in one group was a member depicting Jesus Christ as He was led away by the Roman soldiers. Six children also depicted six different Queens. One of the most prominent parts of the procession was the group bearing the figure of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. This was preceded by a large crucifix and escorted by several priests. Towards the end of the procession a ball hanging from the bunting stretched across the road was opened and the figure was showered with rose petals. Doves also hovered above the figure for a few moments.

COMPETING FOR THE COVETED QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: A general view along the length of the firing line of the 1,000-yards range at Bisley. The Queen's Prize was won by Major N. W. McCaw, late of the London Rifle Brigade, and the fourth winner that this Regiment has produced since the prize was first shot for in 1860. His score was 273 points out of a possible 300—the lowest to win the prize since 1936. The runners-up were Lieut.-Colonel S. Johnson, of Canada, and Warrant Officer O. Bennett, who both scored 272 points. There were four other competitors with 271 points and another five with 270. The prize was shot for in a gusty wind which had been troublesome almost continually throughout the Bisley meeting. The prizes were distributed by Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

CHAIRING THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER: Major McCaw is seen being carried at Bisley to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes." The forty-year-old Major, who is an hotel proprietor in Portsmouth, was to have broadcast the B.B.C. commentary on the shooting, but when it was discovered that he would be taking part in the finals, plans had to be changed. Instead, Major McCaw was himself interviewed.

THE KELSO LADDIE RIDES TO YETHOLM: The Kelso Laddie, John Hume, with his right-hand and left-hand men, Walter Landles and Adam Fairbairn, ride across the Tweed Bridge, Kelso, at the start of the traditional civic week ride to Yetholm. Behind them ride many followers. In the background are the ruins of Kelso Abbey, a national possession.

AFTER THE ANNUAL RIDE COMES THE FEASTING: The Kelso Laddie (John Hume), wearing a garland of flowers, has a well-earned drink after the Yetholm ride. The ride is similar to many others which take place at several places along the Scottish border and compares with the English Ascensiontide custom of Beating the Bounds. First of all comes the election of the Kelso Laddie and then the 8-mile ride from Kelso to Yetholm.

On left—

VIVIEN LEIGH RETURNS TO LONDON AFTER HER ILLNESS: She is seen at a party given for Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier by the impresario Hugh Beaumont. The Oliviers plan to take a holiday abroad before rehearsals for Terence Rattigan's new comedy *The Sleeping Prince* start at the end of August.

On right—

MR. ATTLEE WATCHING THE MINERS' RALLY AT DURHAM: The Leader of the Opposition sees a huge banner bearing his portrait being carried through the Durham Streets. In an address to the assembled miners, Mr. Attlee warned them of the grim task ahead, and said that Britain must be built up on what could be produced on the ground and underneath it. Mr. Morrison and Sir William Lawther, of the National Union of Mineworkers, also addressed the rally.

The Sphere of Travel

EUROPE'S LITTLE LANDS

Interesting Holidays Can be Enjoyed in Andorra, Liechtenstein, San Marino, and the Principality of Monaco

THERE was a time, not so long ago, when only the truly adventurous traveller considered making the journey into Andorra, for it was the case that "he that ventures thither, if he be not prepared to sleep in the open air, with some risk of doing so supperless, should carry letters with him from persons of authority at Ax to some of the wealthy proprietors." (Murray's *Hand-book for France*, 1875.) Since the last war, however, this small, independent State, the only survivor of many other former, similar States in the Pyrenees, has developed its tourist trade considerably. A good motor-road runs through the length of the country between the French and Spanish frontiers, motor-bus services operate regularly during the summer months, when the high passes into the territory are free of snow, and there are a number of passable hotels, especially in Escaldes, the main centre for visitors.

Andorra is, indeed, a lovely country, with high mountains and rugged ridges. The natives are mostly farmers, and they retain many strange customs, although some of these are being influenced by the new contacts with the outside world. There is not much for the visitor to do there except laze, take marvellous walks, and mingle with the Andorrans. At first, they may appear a little shy of strangers, for quite a number are refugees, spies and smugglers, but if you are friendly they become most hospitable. It is then that you can get to hear the most extraordinary stories. In fact, I regard this country's chief appeal to lie in the human encounters that can be made. There is, I believe, one person in Escaldes who speaks English, but most of the inhabitants understand French and Spanish, while the main language is Catalan.

The easiest way to enter Andorra is from the French side—on the Spanish frontier the authorities sometimes impose a complete closure to traffic—and there are bus services from Ax-les-Thermes, l'Hospitalet and la Tour de Carol, all stations on the main railway line which runs between Toulouse and Barcelona. The Customs control on the French side is very strict for Andorran bus passengers, but foreigners are not troubled. Recently introduced is an entry visa, which at present can only be obtained from the French authorities at the frontier, and costs 1,000 francs.

Like Andorra, Liechtenstein is a land of yesterday. It is a most delightful Ruritania, with a fairy-like medieval castle in which a charming Prince and Princess live, quite a number of titled aristocrats—refugees from Central Europe and the Baltic States—and a people who are obviously friendly, cheerful and content. And why should they not be? For income-tax is minute (the sale of postage stamps helps largely to finance the Principality's budget), there is no crime, no trade unions (and consequently no strikes), no divorces, no poverty and the local wine is excellent.

In Vaduz, reached from the important Swiss railway station of Buchs in fifteen minutes, there are several pleasant hotels (Schossle, jolly; Lowen, old-fashioned; Adler, good food), but my own especial choice is the Gasthof Samina in the small village of Triesenberg, which lies some three miles up the mountainside from Vaduz—and on the road to "Shangri-la." This little country inn offers a cuisine which puts it right into the three-star class, for Mrs. Kranz, the genial proprietor's wife, not only speaks fair English, but she is a superb cook.

If, however, you want to get right out of our modern world, then you must travel through a rather amazing mountain tunnel into the Samintal ("Shangri-la"), a mile-high valley, entirely encircled by mountains, except in one corner where a tiny offshoot, the Malbun (meaning "happy valley"), offers to one world-traveller at least the feeling that he has reached an earthly paradise. There is a pleasant inn there, too, where you will be well looked after. Nor are you entirely cut off from outside affairs, for there is a twice-daily bus service in summer which links this retreat with Vaduz.

Even as I write these words I call up nostalgic memories of Malbun's invigorating air, the profound stillness of the valley, caressed only by the music of running water and cow-bells, the wild flowers which carpet the meadows, and the shy but friendly wild stags, chamois and marmots. This happiness is yours for about a pound a day. It costs you nothing to climb the surrounding mountains; nor to join the five workers at the local cheese factory, tucked away in a fold of the mountainside, when they go at dusk to a nearby cross, set on a commanding hillock, to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to God. And then, there was that view from my bedroom window down the little valley—a green cradle of alpine beauty, a fairy-tale of the mountains. I know I must return again: return to one of the loveliest regions on this earth.

In a different way, San Marino is also a place for escapist holidays. This tiny independent republic, whose origin is said to date from the year A.D. 300, lies inland from Rimini, which is some 13 miles distant and with frequent motor-bus services linking the two places. A few years ago, the Sammarinese, in order to bolster up their somewhat precarious national finances—postage-stamp sales being, like Liechtenstein and Andorra, a useful revenue producer—established a gambling casino. But the Italian Government offered such strong opposition, including such lengthy frontier examinations that would-be visitors were deterred from making a visit, to this form of commercial enterprise, that it had to be closed down. In its place, the Government is now encouraging a tourist industry, and there are four quite satisfactory hotels at which to stay.

The approach to the small capital of San Marino is most imposing, for the town is built on the summit of a great rock, whose serrated flanks and menacing heights make it appear to be inaccessible. To add to the dramatic effect, there are also three towers which soar in picturesque silhouette against the skyline. But there is a twisting road which brings the visitor to an ancient gateway, where he must descend from his bus and then walk up on foot to the Piazza della Liberta. Here are the Government Palace and the Post Office, both fine, modern buildings. Nearby is an interesting cathedral.

From the piazza or, better still, from the "Rocca," the ancient fortress which stands at the highest point, there is a view of unsurpassed splendour in all directions—mountains and peaks, sea and plain, white, ribbon-like roads winding through level and height into the distance. Ranges of mountains roll wave-like away into the horizon. Carpegna, cradle of the counts of Montefeltro, later dukes of Urbino, looms up majestically. To the left a black streak, far away, marks Ravenna's famed Pineta, or Pine Forest. Again, there is to the east Rimini and the sea, and on a clear day even the faint outline of Dalmatia can be seen, the land from which came that pious stone-cutter, Marino, founder of the Republic.

Perhaps San Marino might become somewhat monotonous for a prolonged stay, for one cannot always be looking out on views, however lovely. But if a visit is timed to coincide with the bi-annual elections of the Regent Captains (April 1 and October 1), or the anniversary of the founding of the Republic, then there are presented unique ceremonies and colourful processions, with those taking part garbed in sixteenth-century costumes.

Incidentally, although San Marino is the only Communist-controlled State in Western Europe, this will hardly affect the ordinary visitor, for the Sammarinese have always rather delighted in being politically extreme, while still retaining a strongly Christian outlook.

CROWNING THE HEIGHTS OF THE WORLD'S MINIATURE REPUBLIC: The Rocca on the crest of Monte Titano, in San Marino. The Republic which covers 23 square miles with 14,000 inhabitants, has maintained its independence for close on fourteen centuries.

Of the pinpoint countries of the world, none is more famous (with the exception, of course, of Vatican City) than Monaco. It is the show place of the entire Riviera, with its gaudily decorated toy Army, its glittering Casino, which may now lack the presence of fabulous Russian grand-dukes but offers as an innovation the American pastime called craps, and its lovely setting. Here everything is artificial, but quite delightful. You will be disappointed, however, if you go there expecting to find such wicked people as adventurers, adventuresses, swindlers, spies and suicides, for Monte Carlo isn't much like that any more, for the authorities place much more importance on its sporting and entertainment facilities for the visitor.

Sport, indeed, holds a place of honour, with its magnificent sports ground, the Louis II Stadium. There are dozens of tennis courts at the Monte Carlo Country Club. Facing a broad expanse of open sea, the Monte Carlo Beach swimming-pool, with its fine esplanade, is a great attraction. Then the Monte Carlo Golf Club at nearby Mont-Agel, with its incomparable views of mountains and sea coast has been entirely reorganised by Henry Cotton. The surrounding country, too, offers a wealth of excursions, while in the winter you can even enjoy winter sports and yet return in the evening to Monte Carlo and take part in its many first-class entertainments. Hotel prices, especially in La Condamine, can be very reasonable.

With the exception of Monaco, further travel information about the four countries dealt with is not easily obtained except by writing direct to the local Official Tourist Office: in Andorra-la-Vella for Andorra; Vaduz for Liechtenstein; San Marino, and Monaco. All issue brochures in English. For accommodation bookings, there is of course no difficulty with travel agents regarding Monaco. With Andorra, a few agents have made arrangements there. For Liechtenstein, I recommend the Tourist Office "Quick," at Vaduz. While for San Marino, the Italian Travel Bureau (203, Regent Street, London, W.1) would probably be able to help you, otherwise you must get fixed up on the spot.

Gordon Cooper

THE ROCK OF MONACO, THE CAPITAL OF THE PRINCIPALITY: Rumours have been circulating in Monte Carlo that a development plan is to be carried out in the Principality, but no one is quite sure whether the plan is to enlarge the port or to restore the vanishing fortunes of the Casino.

THE START OF THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT SILVERSTONE: This was the scene near the grandstand as the competitors set out on their journey in the big race of the day held before a crowd of 100,000 people. It was the sixth race in the series and attracted some of the finest drivers and cars in the world. It was contested over 90 laps, a distance of 263 miles, and provided a thrilling spectacle. The winner was the world champion, A. Ascari, who drove a Ferrari to victory at an average speed of 92·97 m.p.h. Ascari led from start to finish to beat the Argentine driver J. M. Fangio, who drove a Maserati.

ITALIANS TO THE FORE at SILVERSTONE

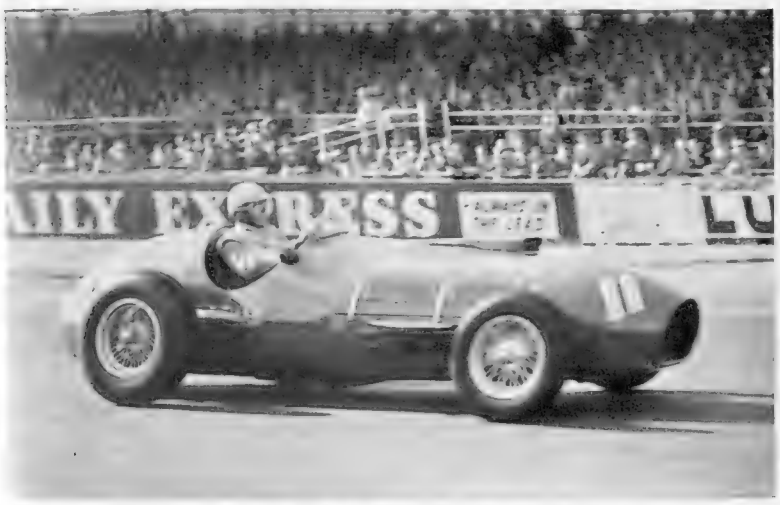
A Clean Sweep in the British Grand Prix

Fangio and Ascari—two of the world's finest racing drivers—set up staggeringly fast records at Silverstone during practice on Friday of last week, and on the following day they were again in devastating form in the Grand Prix. On the Friday Fangio, driving a British B.R.M., lapped the Silverstone circuit in 99.41 m.p.h., missing by only a fraction of a second the claim to be the first man to clock a 100-m.p.h. lap on the circuit.

During the actual races on Saturday, it was all Italy, and the British Grand Prix was won by the world champion Ascari, with Fangio in second place in a Maserati. Ascari beat all Formula Two records for the circuit by averaging 92.97 m.p.h., and but for the fact that the race was slowed down for many laps because of large quantities of oil on the circuit, the speed would have been higher. During his masterful drive the Italian raised the lap record to 95.79 m.p.h., a figure that was also equalled by F. Gonzales, in a Maserati.

The winner's margin of success was exactly one minute, but there is no doubt that had he been hard pressed he could have increased this margin still further. Ascari and Fangio were the only two to cover the full distance of 90 laps. In third place, two laps behind, was G. Farina (Ferrari), who was comfortably in front of Gonzales, who had been flagged in in the early stages of the race when his Maserati showered the stretch in front of the pits with oil. Gonzales was then running second and was the biggest danger to the winner. The pit stop, however, and yet a second stop to replace some of the lost oil, brought him down to fourth position, which he retained to the end.

Mike Hawthorn, after his great drive in the French Grand Prix, was out of luck, but he managed to finish fifth.



THE ALL-CONQUERING ITALIANS IN ACTION ON THE SILVERSTONE CIRCUIT: *Left*—Giuseppe Farina, of Italy, who came in third in the Grand Prix, is seen in this picture as he won the Formula Libre race over 50 miles. He drove a Ferrari Thinwall Special. *Right*—Ascari at the wheel of his Ferrari during his great race in the Grand Prix. Ascari beat all Formula Two records for the Silverstone circuit.

AMERICAN CUNNINGHAM CARS AND A JAGUAR TAKING A BEND DURING THE 35-LAP RACE FOR INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CARS: Car No. 2 was driven by Phil Waters, of Florida. No. 1 (the third in line) was driven by Briggs Cunningham. Car No. 7 is a British Jaguar, driven by N. Sanderson. Aston Martins occupied first, second and third places in this race of 102 miles. The race developed into a battle between the official Aston Martin team and several privately-owned Jaguars.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

PORTRAITS OF TWO MUSICIANS

The Autobiography of Fritz Busch and the Biography of Paganini Make Their Appearance at an Opportune Moment in the History of Music

COVENT GARDEN, Glyndebourne, and the very fact that we are living through a summer of celebrations makes one aware of the music that enhances and transforms the occasions, and it should make one aware, too, of the technical competence, research and talent that lie behind the days and nights of listening delight. For some people music is the first interest and for the true music-lovers the only aristocracy. For beliefs of this kind in this partly distorted world sacrifices may have to be made, and were, in fact, made by Fritz Busch, the celebrated conductor, when, in 1933, he left Germany and a successful career rather than co-operate with the exponents of the Nazi regime.

PAGES FROM A MUSICIAN'S LIFE (Hogarth Press. 18s.) is his autobiography, translated by Marjorie Strachey, up to that date. He had intended to write a further volume, but died suddenly in 1951. Its candour may be gauged from his own story of standards:

"The great Czech statesman President Masaryk," he writes, "was incapable of telling a lie. In a grave situation he preferred the danger of death to a falsehood that might have saved him. If in moments of excitement I told incredible tales my wife raised her finger in warning and asked: 'Masaryk?' If I nodded in agreement, this vouched for the truth. I have done my best to tell my story in the spirit of Masaryk." I can only add that it is a story that everyone who has enjoyed a concert under his conducting will appreciate, for it is the portrait of a very able musician.

It is fitting that a biography of PAGANINI (Hutchinson. 16s.) should have been written by a violinist, Renée de Saussine, whose work has been translated by Marjorie Laurie, with a preface by M. Jacques Thibaud, who writes of the contemporary superstition that Paganini drew his inspiration from the realm of the supernatural. Whatever his history, or the impact of his strange, consciously diabolic personality, there is no doubt that he was a fabulous violinist and a musician of no mean order. His greatest success was in the Europe of the 1820's and 1830's—the Romantic period in which his special talents naturally flourished. His name remains a byword, even to the unmusical.

What a pleasure it is to report two novels of real distinction, totally dissimilar in every point except one, that each is the work of a born novelist. First of all, THE SCHIRMER INHERITANCE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), which confirms Mr. Eric Ambler in the literary position we knew he held, but which was temporarily obscured by his understandable interest in writing film-scripts. That is a very specialised ploy, and Mr. Ambler is better at it than almost anyone in England. But how agreeable it is when he returns to what I am convinced is his natural career—the writing of novels in the true and matchless tradition of the story-teller.

Mr. Ambler has written about spies and, more frequently, about danger. He has written about ordinary men in the most bizarre situations and he has occasionally written about women. He has written about that region that was known as The Balkans in the days when revolutions were localised, and each of his books has been at the top of its class to a degree where "Ambler situations" and "Ambler settings" were quoted by the best informed (and the best-read) foreign correspondents. Now, all I have to say is that he has done it again with a story that is by far his best.

RENOVATION AT ETON: The staircase chamber leading from the colonnade to Upper School and the Chapel, which has been restored following an attack by death-watch beetle. The staircase timber has been partly renewed, while the ceiling has been replaced with one in precast reinforced concrete with exposed aggregate finish. A copper roof replaces the old timber one. The executive architect for the concrete work was Edward Duley, and the work was carried out by Considère Constructions Ltd. and Mono Concrete Ltd. The copper roofing was laid by L. Carter and Co., and the contractors for the whole work were Cowtan and Sons.

PENELOPE (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is just about as different a proposition as could be imagined, except for the essential fact that Miss Ann Bullingham writes very well indeed, and with something of the poignancy, humour and exactitude about small children as Mr. Salinger, whose work I have been discussing. The heroine of this story about a West Country school is a very small and very inquisitive girl, through whose sharp eyes and retentive memory the story of the schoolmistress's struggles and occasional triumphs is told. It really is as good as gold, and, as ever, it is a delight and a compliment to find a writer who trusts readers to read between the lines. In this enchanting story the word's unsaid but quite evidently hovering in the air as just as potent as anything that appears on the printed page, and that is a special kind of author's magic.

Some writers, Miss Bullingham, for instance, write about children as they are, and creates out of understanding and her own perceptions a child's world that is strange enough in all conscience. This, however, is not Theodora Keogh's method, for in THE TATTOOED HEART (Peter Davies. 11s. 6d.), as before, she can create a nightmare world inhabited by children, and perhaps the worst part of the dream is to see the children with adult instincts. But there is no doubt that Miss Keogh can write; if she didn't present them so well, her themes would be negligible. As it is, they have a not altogether likeable force.

Mr. John Lodwick's new novel, SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), is set in Spain, the South of France and, in the book's best interlude, in Minorca. The Lodwick hero (it sometimes seems that authors have a generic kind of hero) is in the Consular Service, travelling from France to a new appointment in Valencia, and during his move he is obsessed by the thought and the voice of his first wife, who has died. Well to the front of his mind, too, is the thought of his second wife, whom he quite rightly suspects of being unfaithful. He is, in other words, having a terrible time, but not so terrible that he cannot notice and appreciate and mark down the whims and looks of everyone he meets or the history of the island he visits. It is an extraordinary book and utterly absorbing.

THE EARTHQUAKE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), by Herr Heinz Risse, has been translated from the original German by Rita Eldon, and is the sombre story of a man condemned to death for the murder of his wife and, during the course of the novel, being subjected to a series of enquiries by a psychiatrist. His reflections during this time are sometimes relevant, sometimes irrelevant, always sketchy, and the reader is left with an unhappy impression of a man who comes to see the presence of death in everything, and wills himself to a calm that has no relation to breathing, sentient life.

Mr. Maurice Rowdon has written HELLEBORE THE CLOWN (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.), an odd and touching story of a performer devoted to one woman, and even more to his technique and his stage success. It is told in a simple and effective way, and although the story itself and the characters are bizarre, the reader accepts them for their apparent inevitability, and in that lies Mr. Rowdon's gift of expression.

When a writer has been compared with Rabelais, Runyon, Peacock, Joyce Cary, Christopher Fry, Chaucer and John Bunyan, it would seem that there was very little left to say. Such is the case with Mr. Gwyn Thomas, whose new novel, A FROST ON MY FROLIC (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), has just been published. As an author he is, in fact, the strangest blend of pointed humour, broad farce, poetry, philosophy and slapstick that I have ever come across. It may amuse and delight you. It may simply overwhelm you. But there is no doubt that once read, Mr. Thomas' work is seldom forgotten.

Mr. T. Rumsey Hamber writes of gold-mining in West Africa, and the tenacity and courage as well as the inevitable hardening that are part and parcel of the work. THE MINE (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) owes much to his knowledge of conditions in the Gold Coast bush, and something to his perception of the ways in which gruelling conditions affect men and women.

OVERDUE—ARRIVED (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is one of Mr. Humfrey Jordan's workmanlike and extremely authentic stories of life at sea in the Merchant Service. The *Sea Swallow*, with whose fortunes the novel is concerned, is a very modern motor-ship, or, alternatively, a deep-sea tramp, and she is the apple of her Master's eye when he sets out with her on yet another cross-world voyage. As usual with this author, one can be perfectly certain both of his sincerity and his accuracy.

The two detective stories of the week rate full marks. One of them is a reprint of a book first published seventeen years ago, and all the more welcome for its reappearance. A SHILLING FOR CANDLES (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is by Josephine Tey, who also wrote *Richard of Bordeaux*, as Gordon Daviot. It is witty, ingenious, and makes one regret more than ever that there will be no more from the same pen.

THIRD PARTY RISK (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is a new Nicolas Bentley thriller, and very good it is, funny and exciting and reasonably possible. The setting is partly London and partly the coast near Marseilles, and the protagonists are a group of what le Queux would doubtless have called international crooks, plus one insouciant amateur sleuth. Amusing and lively reading.

TALES OF THE SIOUX

John G. Neihardt's Reminiscences of the American Indian People

When General Custer made his last stand with 264 of his men in a fight with the Sioux Indians in Montana in 1876 he aroused the imagination of a whole generation of Americans, and the youth of the nation for years to come. Only now are people beginning to think widely in human terms of the Indians whom the Americans fought so relentlessly, driving them ever farther westward until at long last they were a broken remnant in a not-so-brave new world. The most eloquent voice ever raised on behalf of the Indians is that of John G. Neihardt, the poet descendant of a pioneer family whose forbears were in America a decade before the Revolution of 1776. At the age of five John G. Neihardt was living with his grandparents in a sod-roofed house on the Upper Solomon, in Western Kansas, with "cow chips" gathered from the fenceless prairie for fuel, and wicks in bowls of lard for lamps. All around him the world of the Red Man was silently retreating to lonelier horizons. In the days of his youth and early manhood Neihardt was in close contact with the Omaha Indians in Northern Nebraska, and later he spent long periods in intimate contact with the Oglalal Indians. He has recounted many of his experiences in those years in his book, EAGLE VOICE (Andrew Melrose. 12s. 6d.). Neihardt truly shared the rich memories and the culture of the Sioux people whom he came to know so well, and, poet that he is, has set down these things. This is a most unusual book. It is a record of courage and nobility amid the most terrible adversity, and will stand always as a reminder of just how much the white man did destroy when with such insensate haste he swept the Indian from the plains.

The Isle of Wight, which, in wartime days, English people said, Goebbels would have claimed to have sunk if he had had just a bit more encouragement, is a most rich and varied place. Its area is less than that of Greater London, but there we find all England in miniature, fine bays, calm bathing beaches, cruel, inaccessible cliffs, gentle-curving downland, wild dunes, lonely marshes and rich, cultivated farmland. There are seaside resorts and factories, old, haunted manor houses and fine new hotels, modern industries and age-old callings belonging to the sea and to the soil. Monica M. Hutchings has surveyed this truly enchanting place in the latest of the Regional Books, THE ISLE OF WIGHT (Robert Hale. 18s.). She surveys it for the most part enthusiastically, for all who know this island are its devotees, but she does not withhold criticism where she thinks it merited, and many will support the author in her strictures upon the modern aspect of Blackgang Chine, which has been commercialised to such an extent that the would-be viewer of this great and spectacular cleft in the coastline must pay sixpence to reach the Chine by way of a bazaar where teaspoons and jam-spoon souvenirs, chinaware with enamelled crests, and bottles of perfume disguised as St. Catherine's Lighthouse may be bought at will, and where a penny may be placed in a machine to determine one's sex-appeal rating. After these revels around the Chine, the author takes us along the famous Undercliff, which leads from Blackgang to Ventnor and St. Boniface, a place of many lovely walks on many different levels. She takes us, also, to the ugly but not uninteresting holiday resorts in the eastern part of the island. But in all these places solitude is never really far away, whether it be amid the pinewoods above Shalfleet, upon the moors round Arreton, or upon the heights of Tennyson Down, overlooking the waters of the Channel.

Alasdair Alpin MacGregor, who has already contributed a notable volume to the County Books Series on the Western Isles, now makes a survey of SKYE AND THE INNER HEBRIDES (Robert Hale. 18s.). This is a most thorough piece of research by one who knows and loves the islands well, and there are some grand photographs.

The Ice Cap of Greenland is a cold desert which supports no life at all. Nansen made the first summer crossing of the Ice Cap in 1888, but not until 1930, when two expeditions—one German, the other the British Arctic Route Expedition led by Gino Watkins—went there to establish weather stations and man them throughout the year did anyone know what the middle of the Ice Cap was like in winter. J. M. Scott, a member of the Watkins expedition, has produced a memorable record in his PORTRAIT OF AN ICE CAP (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Scott has drawn from his narrative on the hitherto unpublished and personal diaries of his companions.

Among the latest reprints are THE WORLD'S DESIRE, by Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, a romance of the days of Ulysses. This is published at 8s. 6d. in a Macdonald illustrated edition and is of special interest in that it calls to mind the collaboration of two distinguished but very different Victorians. Compton Mackenzie's EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.). which very nearly brought Home Secretary Joynson Hicks into action when it was first published, now appears in its original format. This story of Rosalba Donsante's sterile passions, of the rich and roaring Rory Freemantle, who breeds bulldogs and trains female boxers, is as full of faithful portraits as the same author's *Vestal Fire*.

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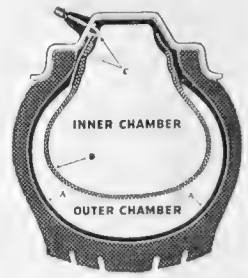

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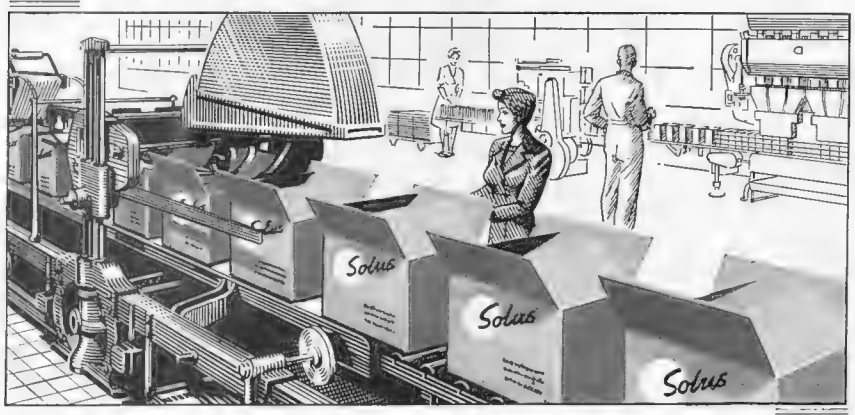

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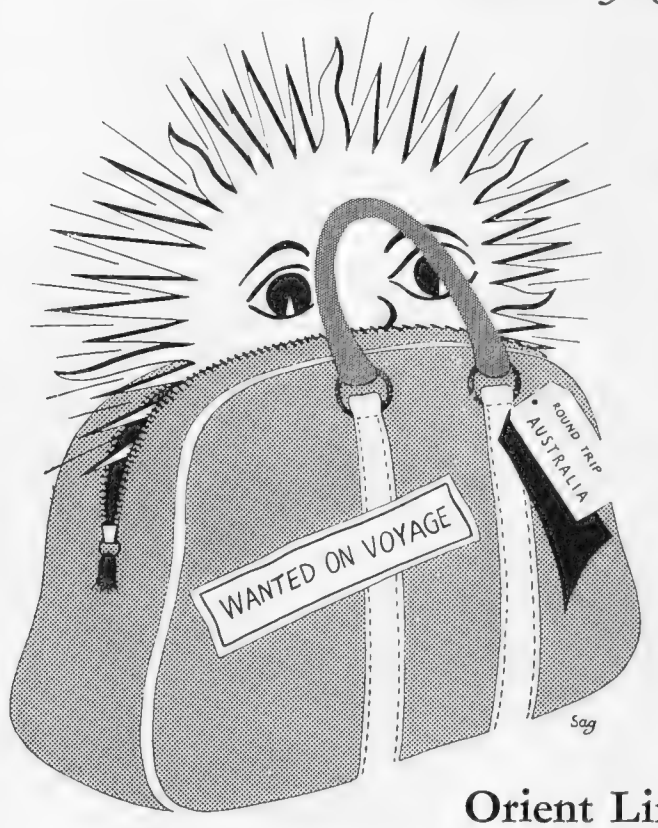

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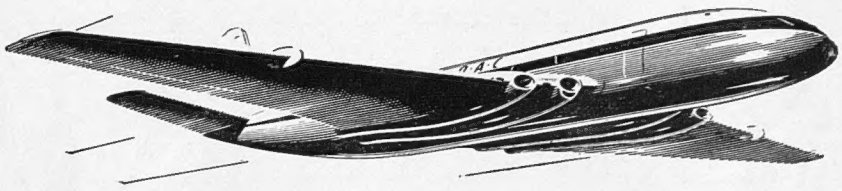

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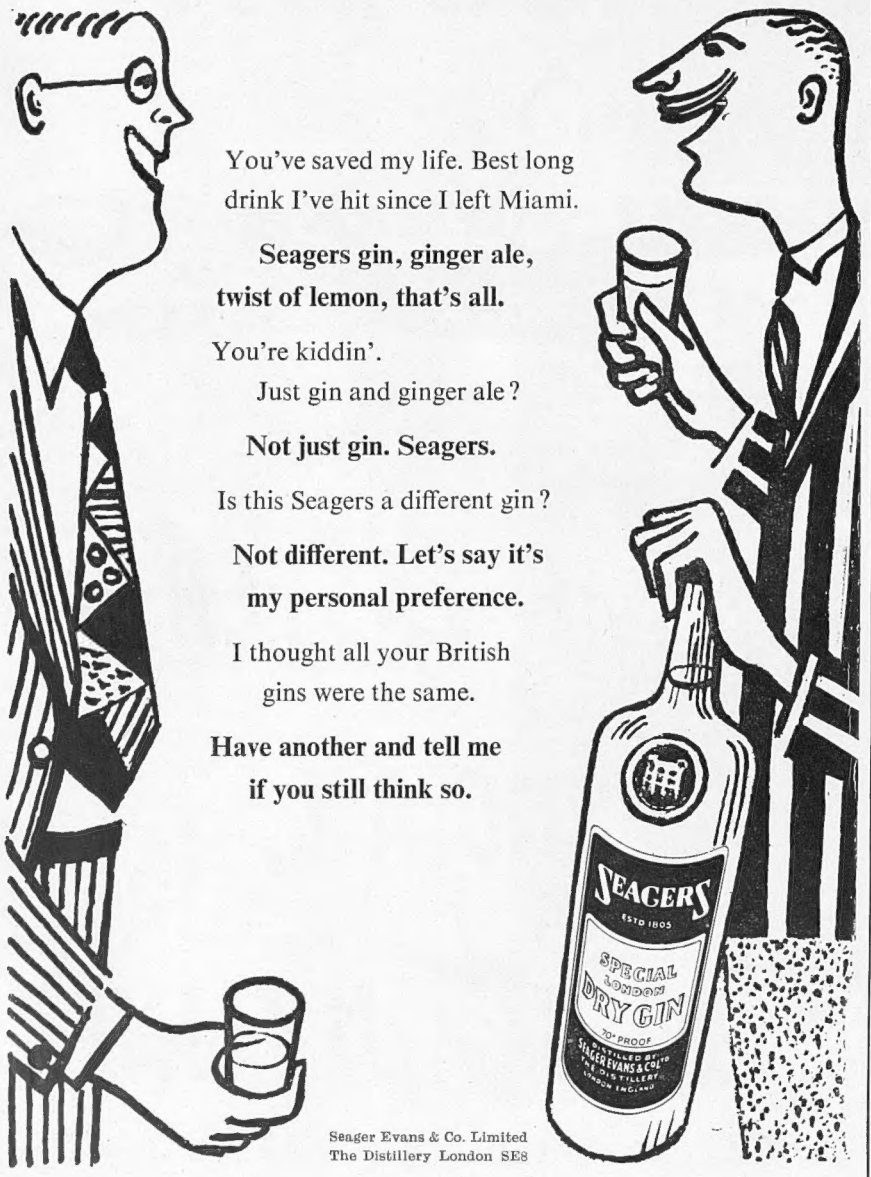

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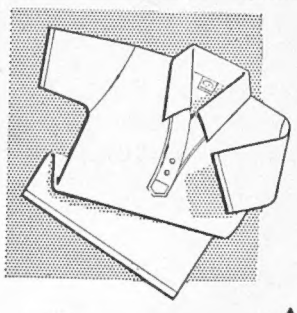

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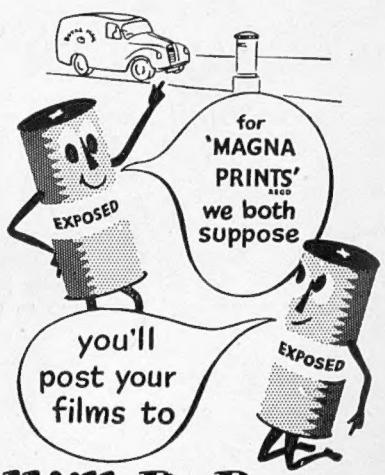

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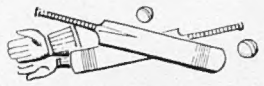

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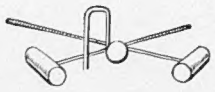

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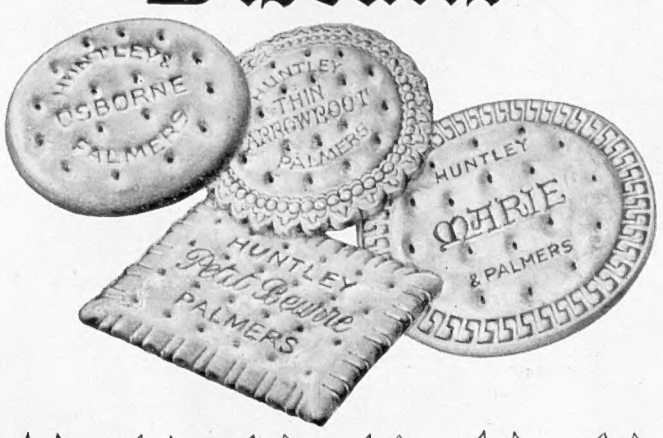

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EARLY DAYS. Middleschweppes was the first to prove that Freud was not, in fact, Freud at all, but existent as a buried personality-wish.

FIRST FRUITS. The Middleschweppes psycho-analyst squad perfects its techniques and psycho-analyses more psycho-analytically than any other psycho-analysts anywhere.

COURTING DISASTER. Complete and universal psycho-analysis irons everybody so completely flat that it is impossible to tell the difference between people except by labels.

A CRISIS AVERTED. Boldly progressive once more, the crisis is met by de-psycho-analysis, employing the now familiar methods of re-inhibitation, re-packing the subconscious, complexing up, and making everybody tremendously different again without exactly knowing why. Note, in the *BEFORE* (bottom right of main picture), the absolutely ordinary. *AFTER* (top left) the absolute un-ordinary or different.

"COMPLEXO" OUTFIT for DE-PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

1. A Schoolboy (for bullying). 2. Large Helping (for restoring the Freudian Nightmare). 3. A Dominant Father 4 A Sub-Dominant Mother.

Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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